

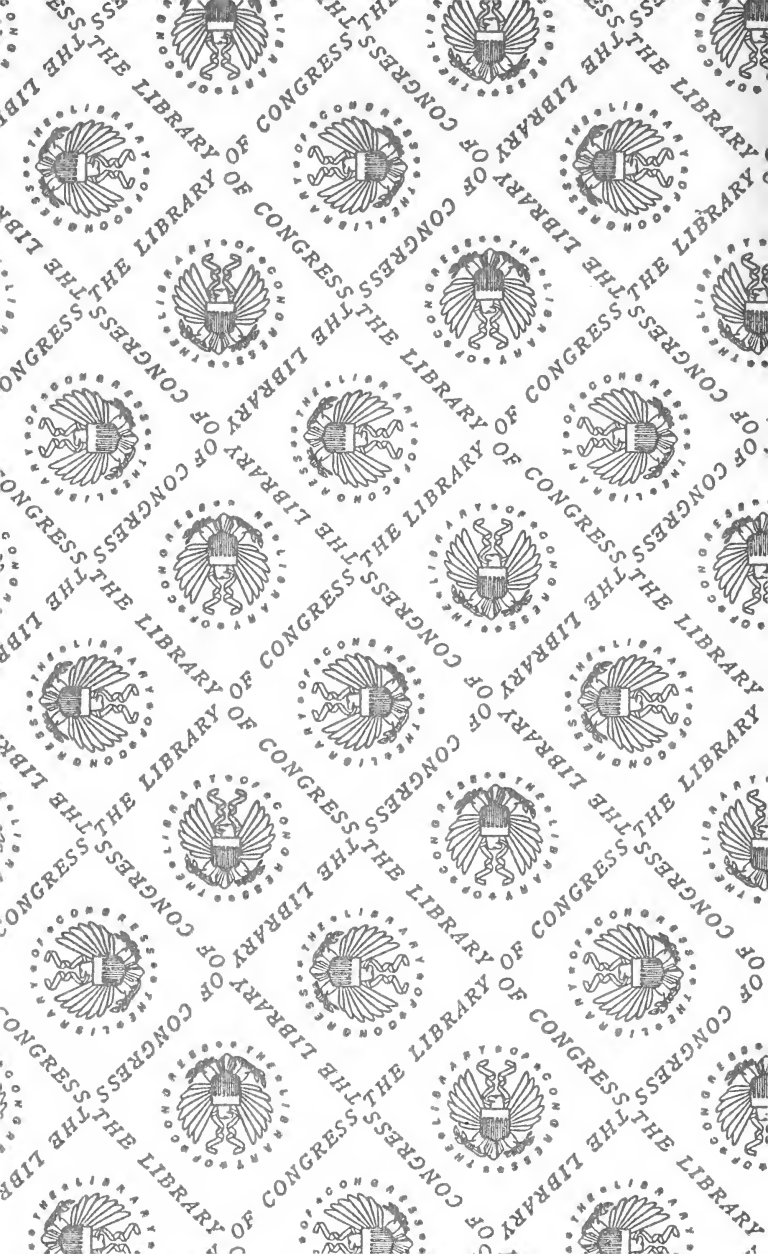
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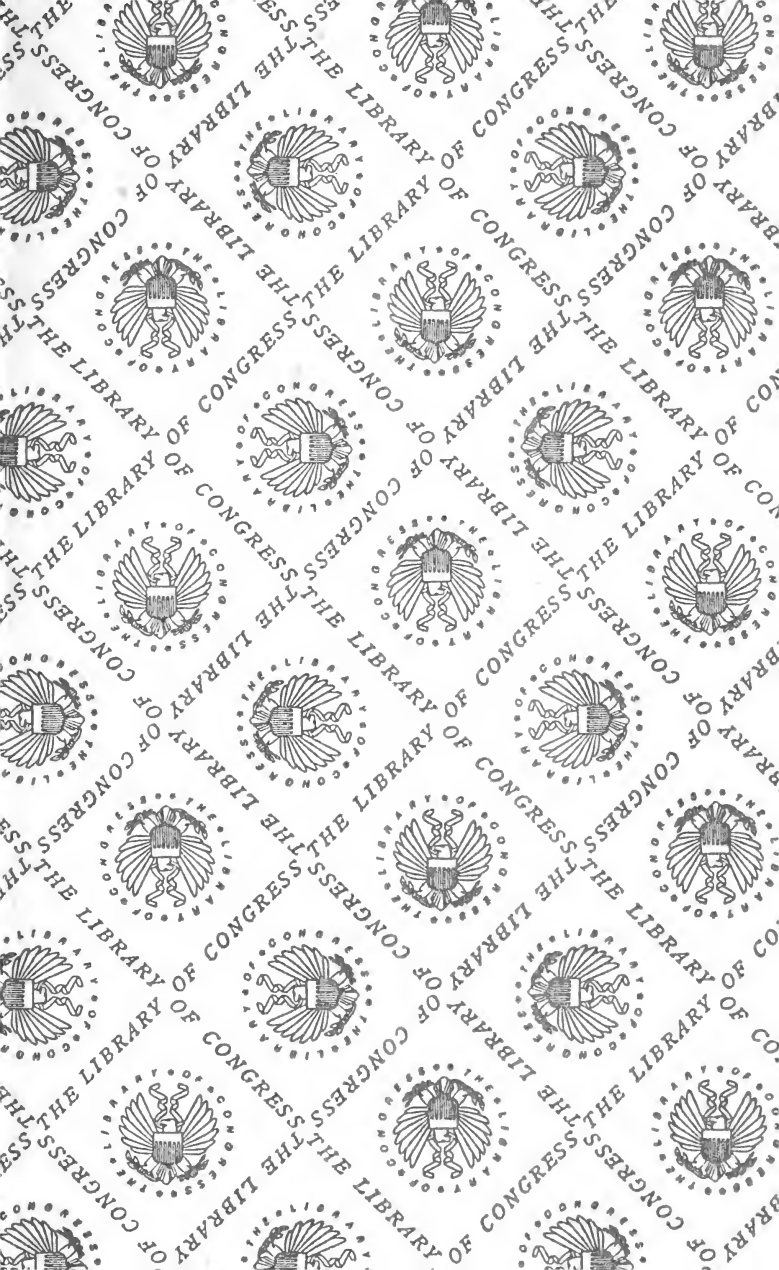
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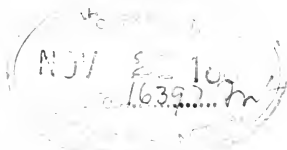
COME FOR ARBUTUS,

AND

OTHER WILD BLOOM.

BY

MRS. S. L. OBERHOLTZER.



PHILADELPHIA:

J. B. LIPPINCOTT & CO.

1882.

1881

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TO

MY TENDERLY BELOVED AND REVERENCED FRIEND,

JOHN G. WHITTIER,

WHO HAS KINDLY STOOPED TO LIFT AN OCCASIONAL WILD BLOOM,

I HUMBLY AND AFFECTIONATELY OFFER THIS

PALE TOKEN OF SPRINGTIME.

CAMBRIA STATION, PA., 1881.

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COME FOR ARBUTUS.

COME for arbutus, my dear, my dear ;
The pink waxen blossoms are waking, I hear ;
We'll gather an armful of fragrant wild cheer.
Come for arbutus, my dear, my dear,
Come for arbutus, my dear.

Come for arbutus, my dear, my dear ;
Come through the gray meadow, and pass the black
weir,
To brown-margined forest, and part the leaves sere.
Come for arbutus, my dear, my dear,
Come for arbutus, my dear.

Come for arbutus, my dear, my dear ;
We'll gather the first virgin bloom of the year,
The blush of spring kisses with coral lips near.
Come for arbutus, my dear, my dear,
Come for arbutus, my dear.

LINES

ADDRESSED TO JOHN G. WHITTIER ON THE DEATH OF HIS
FRIEND CHARLES SUMNER.

THE tree of liberty hath blossomed, borne, and shed its
fruit.

Long waxed the time to thee and thy colaborer ere
'twould root.

Unto your earnest, tender lives our land deep debtor is,
That it survived to blossom-time and fruitage, thine
and his.

Together did you labor, yet apart, with single strength,
Upholding, nurturing, and fostering it a weary length
Of years, until it grew to fulness, and the fruit was ripe.
The nation clashed, and in a conflict dire shook it; the
type

Was good, and freedom-apples, blood-laved, lay about
our feet,

Rich to the harvest, juicy with justice, in perfect seed
replete.

'Twas not the way thou hadst preferred, or he, to strip
the tree,

But for the gatherers' sins they needs must suffering feel,
and see

The thorns upon the boughs of liberty, ere they could
strow

And recognize the freedom-fruit. 'Twas not for all to
know

Its mellow fulness as thou didst, and he ; athrough dull
air

The blindfold, striving populace near harvests unaware,
And count them valueless, until a clearer sight discerns
And estimates their worth. Our seers are rare. To
sorrow turns

Our pride, as man and Nature whisper, with a bated
breath,

“In the mid-afternoon of labor Sumner’s kissed of
death.”

Dear friend, compatriot of thine, colaborer in the cause
Of right, scarred by the enemy of tree and fruit and laws
In ’56, he pauseth now ; the timepiece fails to run ;
Stilled is the great heart’s ticking, hearkening to the
Lord’s “well done.”

The sweets of recompense and light to him ; to us the
pall.

Tear-veiled is our submission, but we see God’s love
through all.

O’ershadowed by the blessing of your grand and
earnest lives,

The incense of a nation’s peace with thanks perfumes
the skies,

And, parting from him, clasp we thee closer,—ah, closer
still !

Our rarely pure interpreter, song-servant of Christ’s will !
Fondly we kiss thy folded wings, and prayerful is our
touch.

Linger for aye, our best beloved ! sore is our need of
such.

March 17, 1874.

A BURIAL ODE*

FOR BAYARD TAYLOR.

Sung as a part of his funeral services at Longwood Cemetery,
March 15, 1879.

EMPTY the casket, the caged bird outflown ;
Back again, back again, earth, take thy own !
Thou who didst give it thy fairest of clay,
Clasp thy arms tenderly, fold it away.

Fold it away ; for the loved one has fled.

Fold it away ; for our hero is dead.

Carried most lovingly over the sea,
Bring we our offering, Longwood, to thee ;
Wanderings over, and full garlands won,
Reverently bring we the dust of thy son.

Fold it away ; for the great soul has fled.

Fold it away ; for our hero is dead.

Leave as our treasures his life and his songs ;
Take in thy keeping what to thee belongs ;
Take the wayfarer's inn, God has taken the guest,
Ours are the memories,—thine is the rest.

Fold it away ; for the singer has fled.

Fold it away ; for our hero is dead.

* Set to music by J. R. Sweney, M.B.

Back again, back again, earth unto earth !
Cradle his slumbers who cradled his birth ;
Take the form tenderly close to thy breast,
Gather it lovingly home to its rest.

Fold it away ; for the tenant has fled.

Fold it away ; for our hero is dead.

LUCRETIA MOTT.

AND she is dead whose life was rich

In labor and in years :

She lays her earthly clothing off,

We fold it by with tears !

An early laborer in the field,

She labored long and late

With hand unsparing to increase

Freedom and Truth's estate.

She chose no paths of summer ease,

Where velvet poppies sway,

And soft winds blow, and leaf and flower

Shut out the heat of day.

Hers was the strait and narrow way,

The furrow of the Lord,

Wherein in helping weaker ones

She found her sweet reward.

She sowed and tilled and harvested
God's fields in sun and rain ;
Of freedom, temperance, and peace
She reaped the perfect grain.

On Duty's way are ever thorns,
That pierce when pushed aside ;
But souls like hers have conscience' balm
To heal the wounds they hide.

So true, so strong, such souls as hers
In numbers are denied :
The world is richer that she lived,
And poorer that she died.

And now her garment, needed not,
With autumn's leaves we fold,
And through the Indian summer's mist
Her risen self behold.

The memory of her worth shall live
Through ages yet unspent ;
The grateful love of human hearts
Shall be her monument !

HENRY W. LONGFELLOW.

SWEET and wonderful singer,
Musical singer and free,
Sultan of song, retaining
Parizaday's bird and tree.

Sweet and wonderful singer,
Wonderful singer of ours !
"Singing leaves" sweep thy dial,
The signs of thy years are flowers.

Sweet and wonderful singer,
Wonderful singer and sweet,
The notes we faintly whisper
Thy full voice rounds complete.

Sweet and wonderful singer,
Beautiful singer and fair,
Angels have laid white lilies
Upon thy beard and hair.

Sweet and wonderful singer,
Wonderful singer and great,
The world with rose and pansy
Garlands thy Cambridge gate.

Sweet and wonderful singer,
Faultless singer and rare,
To thee our wild-flower's tendrils
Reach out the New Year's prayer.

Sweet and wonderful singer,
Wonderful singer and sweet !
O most our wind-blown blossoms
Are a carpet for thy feet.

January, 1880.

OCTOBER.

A PRAYER FOR THE RETURN OF THE STOLEN ROSS CHILD.

BRIGHT blush the flowers of October,
Banners aloft wax red,
The full-blown hopes of summer
Are strung on crimson thread.

The white and the pink of daylight
Have caught the sunset hue,
And the evening of the season
Weeps gold instead of dew.

Bearer of beauty, October,
Clad in radiant bloom !
Summer's sunset gate-keeper !
Light by thy smile our gloom.

Day hath been crowded with sorrow ;
The country's heart beats sad ;
By thy mellowing light, October,
Lead back the infant lad !

The arms are weary with waiting
The parents fond outreach,
And their anxious souls are aching—
For Charlie's touch and speech.

The nation with love maternal
Longs fain to clasp the child
And ring from her bells heart-gladness
'Through all the autumn mild.

Our prayers we thread, October,
Amid thy beads of gold,—
Prayers that the fair-haired darling
Return to love's stronghold.

Our prayers we rest, October,
About thy nut-brown feet,
And float them to thy flag-staffs,
That they may angels meet.

Dear Lord, and omnipresent,
Sinking the summer sun,
Who gavest the scarlet October
The banner, "Day is done,"

Bend closer Thy ear, we pray thee,
And hear our burdened song :
Return through the bright October
The child we have waited long !

IN MEMORY OF THE TWO HUNDRED AND SEVENTY-ONE.

BURNED IN BROOKLYN THEATRE, DECEMBER 5, 1876.

Up from the flames and smoke,
Up rose a trembling wail ;
The cords of bondage broke ;
Courage was no avail.
Fire, the unappeaséd king,
Made a midnight offering.

Crash ! and the blazing pit
Caught, clasped the empty dust,
Hurriedly buried it,
Blind to the precious trust.
Fire, the unloosed rebel king,
Made a midnight offering.

Where rose the trembling wail,
Hushed at a single breath,
Stoutest of stout hearts quail,
Nameless the chars of death.
Fire, the unrelenting king,
Near three hundred offering.

Sightless beyond recall—
Freed souls, the incense grand

Burst from the hellish thrall,
Curled from the blackening brand.
Fire, the terror-smiting king,
Made a mighty offering.

Up from the flames and smoke,
Up rose the incense pure ;
An angel sentry spoke,
“ High air is more secure.”
God, the great, eternal King,
Took the fire-king's offering.

WILLIAM W. FELL,

DIED AT BUCKINGHAM, PENNSYLVANIA, JANUARY 4, 1874.

AN echo new is on the stair,
A halo fresh pervades the air ;
The golden trail that angels trod
Our friend has followed up to God.

His laurels starred with morning dew,
Green laurels as are worn by few,
The cherubs lifted from his head,
And fairer crowning gave instead.

We hush our hearts that we may hear
His distant footfall firm and clear !
We near the stairway's lowest round,
And sweetest memory flowers abound !

Baptized in truth is every bloom,
And earnestness is their perfume ;
Our frailty dare not garland them,
Or touch the angel's garment-hem.

To those who loved him, God alone
Can make His great compassion known !
The darkest clouds of sorrow's hour
Have amber linings of His power.

He paints the rainbow through the rain,
And purifies our souls with pain !
He calms the Winter into Spring,
And gives the humblest prayer a wing.

He loves us all, and soon or late
Will grief and partings terminate,
Enfold us in the mantle free
That Christ outspread on Galilee.

THE VILLE-DE-HAVRE.

WHEN the Ville-de-Havre sailed out from port,
She sailed right merrily ;
Little she thought to meet Loch Earn
In the wintry waste of sea.
But the ashen mists of night came down,
And no head-lights saw she,
When a vessel crashed against her side
And sped on the foaming sea.

'Twas the dash of death, for the waters leaped
Through her broken starboard wild :
The strong men sprang from soft warm berths ;
The mother clasped her child.
The passengers, crew, and stowaways
Upon the deck were piled :
To the hopelessness of such a fate
They could not be reconciled.

The air was heavy with prayers and shrieks,
But the hungry sea heard not ;
A gurgling gulp, and the Ville-de-Havre
Slept in a pearly grot.
Of forms, two hundred and more went down :
Ah ! who has e'er forgot
The fearful night and the darker days
That followed the dread allot ?—

The days when the ocean voice came home
Into the hearts of men,
And hushed them dumb with its thundering tones ;
Gloomy the air was then.
The land that was sunny and bright before
Seemed only a dismal fen,
And the lingering knell of the cruel sea
Its only denizen.

Cruel and cold is the ocean depth
Where coral blossoms blow ;
Cruel and cold was your stern, Loch Earn,
To gore the vessel so !
Cruel and cold was the winter night
To let the life-blood flow ;

A CHRISTMAS HYMN.

And, Ville-de-Havre, so cruel and cold
Were the waves to shroud you so !

Oh, cruel and cold is the great salt sea !
And full of nameless graves,
Of forms in its depth, and hearts on land,
O'er which the water laves ;
Cruel its columns of frosted foam,
Cruel its thundering waves,
Cruel the open, gulping space
Under its architraves.

Sleep, Ville-de-Havre, a dreamless sleep !
Your freight is in the skies ;
A thousand deaths and a thousand seas
The strength of God defies.
The mermaids trail a wreath for you
As the billows fall and rise ;
The angels stretched their saving rope,
Your crew's in Paradise.

*A CHRISTMAS HYMN.**

CHRISTMAS ! Christmas !
Christ was born in Bethlehem.
Christmas ! Christmas !
Time's outshining diadem.
Rejoice ! rejoice ! rejoice !
Christ was born in Bethlehem.
Rejoice ! rejoice ! rejoice !
Sin's eternal requiem.

* Set to music by Prof. Thos. O'Neil.

Christmas ! Christmas !

Banquet-time of love and prayer.

Christmas ! Christmas !

God prevaiileth everywhere.

Rejoice ! rejoice ! rejoice !

Christ was born in Bethlehem.

Rejoice ! rejoice ! rejoice !

Sin's eternal requiem.

Christmas ! Christmas !

Swell our praise-notes louder, higher.

Christmas ! Christmas !

Till they reach the angel choir.

Rejoice ! rejoice ! rejoice !

Christ was born in Bethlehem.

Rejoice ! rejoice ! rejoice !

Sin's eternal requiem.

Christmas ! Christmas !

Lord, our notes would reach to Thee !

Christmas ! Christmas !

Christ was sent to set us free.

Rejoice ! rejoice ! rejoice !

Christ was born in Bethlehem.

Rejoice ! rejoice ! rejoice !

Sin's eternal requiem.

Christmas ! Christmas !

Golden milestone of the years.

Christmas ! Christmas !

Gratitude, and joy, and tears.

Rejoice ! rejoice ! rejoice !
Christ was born in Bethlehem.
Rejoice ! rejoice ! rejoice !
Sin's eternal requiem.

THE OLD AND NEW YEAR.

THE OLD YEAR.

THE old year is dying. The night-winds are sighing
And chanting farewell ;
Sweet psalms of their singing are lingeringly clinging
To mountain and dell ;
They mournfully echo a bated farewell,—
Farewell, farewell.

Chill moonlight is falling round his couch, appalling
The watchers with fear ;
Afar the stars glimmer, grow fainter and dimmer,
As slow breathes the year ;
Clouds pitiful veil them while shedding a tear.
Farewell, farewell.

The sun's face is hidden, his great palms unbidden
Uprise with his grief ;
It is dark, it is cold ; there's no flower on the wold
To whisper relief ;
The ragged fringed grass sighs, in half unbelief,
Farewell, farewell.

The birds have forsaken the north-land, and taken
The warmth on their wings,
The song and the gladness ; left silence and sadness
That voiceless night brings.
A dirge on the pine-tree's æolian strings,—
Farewell, farewell.

His friends all departed, he dies broken-hearted,
The year we have blessed ;
No warmth to restore him, no bloom to strew o'er him,
He pants for his rest ;
A fluttering struggle ! there's peace in his breast,—
Farewell, farewell.

Farewell, moans the ocean, with trembling emotion,
Forever farewell.
Fond human caresses cling to his white tresses
As low tolls the knell.
Tired, lost friend of mankind, we weep thy farewell,
Farewell, farewell.

THE NEW YEAR.

The new, new year is born, is born !
The midnight lea breaks into morn.
Joy, with her train of downy glow,
Spreads the reception-room with snow ;
Carpet of ermine, soft and fair,
Mystical sprites have fitted there.

The new, new year is born, is born !
His castle-walls with pearl adorn !

Each niche uncouth obscure from sight
By imagery of chrysolite.
Call him a choir of warblers free,
That he may give of song the key.

The new, new year is born, is born !
Waken, daffodil, blow your horn !
Waken, hyacinth, blushing sweet !
Blue-bell, come from your brown retreat,
To ring and ring the gladsome news
Into the heart of rosy dew.

The new, new year is born, is born
To goodly heritage this morn !
The amber land, translucent seas,
The fierce north wind, the velvet breeze,
The silver mist, the spangled sky,
Their full obeisance signify.

The new, new year is born, is born !
The regal king of vine and corn.
He wakes in realm of eider-down ;
The sun will drop a golden crown
On to his floating, crinkled hair ;
Crown him monarch of everywhere.

S U E.

FRIEND of mine with raven tresses !
Friend, whom fifteen years' sod presses,

Yet friend whom fifteen times fifteen
Cannot press from my soul, I ween,

To-day the purple harebells swing,
Vines to the river's moss-edge cling,

The oak and the maple interlace,
The shadows dance with a winsome grace

Across the rock, as they used to do
When its brown height was crowned by two.

Raven tresses and soul of snow,
Memory ever enshrines you so.

How we wandered, a blinded band,
To the border of the death-land.

Forty and more we numbered o'er
On the verge of the mist-clad shore.

Pitiful cries and tender care
Drew some back as we halted there ;

Lingeringly I returned, while you
Passed the shadowy river through.

Parted, and yet not parted, we
Journey still half in company.

Raven tress in my hand I hold,
Fashioned a brooch and bound with gold,—

A link that binds the pure white soul
Close unto mine while ages roll.

Rivers may flow, and harebells swing,
Forests their verdure lose and bring,

Here, on the brown rock kissed of sun,
Sit I, forgetting what Time has done,

Sue and I, together,—apart,—
The love of soul for the love of heart.

A BIRTHDAY TRIBUTE

TO WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT.

A PURE white lily adorns the land,
Unsoiled its petals as though God's hand
Brushed tenderly off the dust of years
And bathed its heart in rainbow tears.

Arrows of gold on its stamens lay,
Arrows of gold, as though 'twas May.

The pollen falls from the stamens' tips
Softly down on the violets' lips ;
Violets old and violets new
Rejoicing are that the lily grew.
 Arrows of gold so lightly sway,
 Arrows of gold the darkest day.

Proud of the lily we violets be
That under its shadow crowd the lea,—
Proud of its height and its strength of stem,
And proud of its perfume-bordered hem.
 Arrows of gold we pride in too,
 Arrows of gold imperaled in dew.

Full eighty cycles of time are past
Since the lily's leaves were upward cast ;
Full eighty cycles of time are dead,
The world's the lily's violet-bed.
 Arrows of gold its stamens hold,
 Arrows of gold in spotless fold.

Our lowly hearts and our eyes of blue
O'erflow with gratitude warm and true ;
Our fleeting breath ascends, a prayer,
Lord, make the lily Thy fondest care !
 Arrows of gold keep in the air,
 Arrows of gold seen everywhere.

A seraph of light from Thy opal bower
Commission supporter to the flower !
For the winter comes, and its blasts of snow
Must kiss the lily and downward blow.

Arrows of gold, frosted, not cold,
Arrows of gold over the wold.

If heavier flakes than frosting soft
Should touch the petals that swing aloft,
The breath of Thy watching angel there
Would melt them into the azure air.

Arrows of gold are pointing up,
Arrows of gold in calla cup.

Long be the time ere the arrows fly
Up, up, from the petals to the sky!
All waste would lie the violet-bed
If the pure white lily drooped its head.

Arrows of gold, oh, lightly sway
Over the violet-bed for aye!

November 3, 1874.

Darkness and gloom for the violet-bed ;
The pure white lily has drooped,—is dead.
Ripe with the beauty and wealth of time,
The leaves waft down as a finished chime.

Arrows of gold an angel's palm
Bear aloft to a holy calm.

Christ prizes blossoms of purest mould ;
For Him the lilies of life unfold ;
For Him they're gathered, and bloom and sway
Eternal in God's eternal day.

Arrows of gold that rest above,
Arrows of gold, we grieve, we love.

Darkness and gloom for the violet-bed,
Light and rejoicing for overhead ;
For us an indelible memory fair,
That fills with lily the violet air.
Arrows of gold over us still,
Higher by our Creator's will.

June, 1878.

IN MEMORY OF HENRY WILSON,

VICE-PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES, WHO DIED NOVEMBER
22, 1875.

EARTH's arms again are opened,
And she to her bosom takes
Her offspring,—clasps him fondly,
As the winter wind awakes.

The Abolition laborers
Sink to rest as autumn leaves,
Ripe with filled purpose, while the
Air chants freedom's symphonies.

The notes of gratitude are hushed
Full oft by breaks of tears,
That we the standard-bearers
Lose of anti-slavery years.

Brave Wilson's early struggles
Made his after-life more sweet,
His work for the down-trodden
More effective and complete.

The past is not forgotten,
When the anti-slavery men
Were but a meagre handful,
He stood firm amid them then.

There comes a time for labor,
And there comes a time for rest :
The never-slumbering Father
Well knoweth when each is best.

EMILY HAMBLETON,

WHO FOUND A HOME AMONG THE ANGELS, 7TH MO. 2, 1876.

IN the sunny long ago, Emily,
How I loved thy soul of snow, Emily,
I a child, a woman thou !
Sweet the memory lingers now,
Sweet and sad together blend, Emily,
Joy and sorrow God doth send, Emily.

Woman thou of finest cast, Emily,
Spirit power to far outlast, Emily,
The bruised casket of the flesh ;
Lives like thine do ours refresh.
Energy and justice thine, Emily,
Live in force and round us shine, Emily.

All the good that thou hast wrought, Emily,
All the precious lessons taught, Emily,

Blossom out and glorify
Memory, and sanctify
Present fruitage good to thee, Emily,
And the fairer yet to be, Emily.

Truth immortal cannot die, Emily,
Though thy pure soul floated high, Emily,
Still will linger ages through
Impress of thy teachings true.
The dear life that now seems done, Emily,
Crowns of heaven and earth hath won, Emily.

THE DOVE'S MEMORIAM.*

WANETH the light on the still, still river ;
Waketh the moon on her fringed crest,
Becking the stars with the golden quiver
To spread them out on the blue to rest.

Browning gray are the river's tresses,
And weirdly over her brow they toss ;
Her dampened brush or her fond caresses
Instil them not with the summer's gloss.

* During the ravages of yellow fever in Memphis, in October, 1873, Mattie Stevenson, a sweet little Illinoisian, aged eighteen, went from New England to the rescue of the suffering and dying. After nursing several families with unswerving tenderness, she fell a victim to the contagion, and died, leaving a gloom and a halo over Memphis.

Back from the marge the white, white clover
Sleeps in its nest and dreams of bees,
Flecked the sun the heather over
With drops of bloom in the daisied breeze.

Stooped the lily to hem the mosses,
Thread of gold on a veil of green,
Wild rose blushed in its backward tosses,
A kiss, a tear, and a breath between.

A kiss, a breath, and the broad-browed river
Dasheth her stillness into gloom ;
A breath, a tear, and her arms deliver
Us only the shadow of lost perfume.

Laid the river her fair child, Memphis,
Close to her feet on the thirsting strand ;
Wandered she down where the Orient's kiss is
Long and sweet, ere she oped her hand,

Put she it down where the sun's bulrushes
Danced to the music of birds and waves,—
Down where the fragrance never hushes
Into the still of snowy graves.

A serpent came with his saffron breathing,
Dappled and dank, with the hue of death,
Came where the child was beauty wreathing,
Grappled its form to drink its breath.

Into its heart the fangs were sinking,
Deep with venom and scorpion dust ;
A White Dove flew from the north-land, linking
Her strength with the child's to still the thrust.

Memphis smiled, took the sympathy tender ;
Hugged the serpent still close his prey ;
His baneful hold refused surrender,
The Dove must foil him another way.

Lifting her feet from the marge of river,
Pluming her wings for swiftest flight,
Upward she swung, with her song, " Deliver,"
Fanning it into the gates of light.

Fanning it in through the crevice golden,
Wider ajar at touch of her wing,
A prayer, a song by the air upholden,
" Dear Lord, deliver the child, I sing."

I think, I think the good Lord heard her,
The jaws of the serpent asunder fell ;
He slunk away from his half-done murder,
The river whispers, " The child is well."

Resteth the light on the still, still river ;
Breaketh the morn on the lily land ;
The stars stoop down in their restless quiver,
The Dove's transfigured at God's right hand.

FROM the North-land to the South-land,
 From the Eastward to the West,
 Stretched the forests, chained by mountains,
 And the gleams of silver pressed
 Through the rocky, moss-clad gorges,
 Finding in the lowlands rest.

Fringed with grasses, ocean-bordered,
 Lay a strip of eastern shore,
 Sprinkled o'er with humble cabins,
 Human birds'-nests,—nothing more.
 Nature held her wilds all silent ;
 Freedom tapped without the door.

Backward fell the stalwart Indians
 With a slow reluctant tread,
 And the land grew broad and golden
 As the forest shadows fled ;
 Then it blushed from gold to scarlet
 While its heroes' blood was shed.

There were battles, tears, and trials,
 Ere the victory was won ;
 There were storms and self-denials
 Ere the fullest blaze of sun ;
 But our ancestors were patriots,
 And their work was nobly done.

1876.

FROM the North-land to the South-land,
From the Eastward to the West,
Ring the voices, echoing music,
“Rock the century to rest.
Tenderly in regal glory
Clasp it to the nation’s breast.”

Gone are the primeval forests,
The rude cabins closer shore
Long since blossomed into castles,
Quite unlike the buds of yore.
Cities stretch along the rivers
Where the Indian stood before.

Through the tall indigenous grasses
Man has trailed an iron thread ;
Bound the continent together,
And it wakes beneath his tread ;
Yields its fullest life and treasure,
Yields him gold and peace and bread.

From the North-land to the South-land,
From the rise to set of sun,
Throng the millions brave, exultant,
While their proud hearts beat as one.
The great nation rocks and blesses,—
Hush ! the Century’s course is run.

AN ACORN - CUP

FROM OAK KNOLL, MASSACHUSETTS.

A DELICATE acorn-cup and fair,
Overflowing with nectar rare ;
Warm with the Poet's touch, it still
Bubbles over as by his will.

What am I, that I dare to lift
Drops that fall from the cup, his gift ?
What am I, that the cup's frail stem
I humbly hold to taste of them ?

Only the feeblest child of song,
To whom the table crumbs belong :
Only a singer in undertone
Chanting for ears of love alone.

Dear, perfect Poet ! a week ago
I walked beside thee where to and fro
The Oak Knoll breezes, swift or slow,
Chase the November glow and snow.

Thy pets the lowing kine and sheep,
Meek-eyed horses from mangers deep,
Roger, the guard, Dick, Carlo small,
Rip Van Winkle, the birds, and all.

I'll long remember their love for thee,
And thine for every graceful tree
On the gently rising rounded ground
Where thy late home has anchor found.

I see thee reach the oak's high hand
And take the cup by wild winds fanned ;
I hear thy pure, strong voice explain
The wee brown chalice of later rain.

Thy cups are many. The nymphs design
Thy broad oak tables, and Graces dine.
This small one, that has home with me,
They will scarcely miss in their jubilee ;

But if there should, when storms have crossed
The Christmas tide, be any lost,
On wings of a dream I'll send to thee
Intact the cup thou gavest me.

A delicate acorn-cup and fair,
Overflowing with nectar rare,
Cherished because it late was thine,
Only the falling drops are mine.

November 28, 1880.

“IT IS I.”

STILL he walks upon the wave,
Jesus, he alone can save.
Still to faith he would persuade :
“ It is I ; be not afraid.”

We are troubled, tempest-tossed,
Without anchor, almost lost.
Jesus comes with cheer to aid :
“ It is I ; be not afraid.”

Blinded are we, weeping sore ;
Hear we the sweet voice once more
That would from all sin dissuade :
“ It is I ; be not afraid.”

Still he walks upon the wave,
Jesus, he alone can save.
Still to faith he would persuade :
“ It is I ; be not afraid.”

THE CUP OF LIFE.

WHEN the Lord divided His children,
He gave me barely three.
I prayed, "O Lord, let me keep them, and
This is enough for me!"

When the Lord gathered in His children,
He gathered alike my three;
And I cried, "O Father in heaven!
Is there not room for me?"

UNDER THE FLOWERS.*

A DECORATION ODE.

GREEN is the spring-time and blushing with bloom;
Bring we an offering to each soldier's tomb,—
Offering of blossoms, of song, and of tears;
Gratitude's outburst, the flower-mark of years.
Love for the memories, bloom for the graves;
Slumber on, slumber on, dust of the braves,
Under the flowers, under the flowers,
Under the flowers, dear dust of the braves.

* Music by J. R. Sweney, M.B.

Dark were the days when the farewells were breathed,
Armies went marching where battle-smoke wreathed,
Darkness and sorrow at home and abroad,
Broken lives, broken hearts sank 'neath the sod.

Love for the memories, bloom for the graves;
Slumber on, slumber on, dust of the braves,
Under the flowers, under the flowers,
Under the flowers, dear dust of the braves.

Rich with peace-perfume our thoughts rise to-day;
God-granted tribute we thankfully pay
Unto our heroes who crossed on war's tide;
Watching, they wait us on Time's golden side.

Love for the memories, bloom for the graves;
Slumber on, slumber on, dust of the braves,
Under the flowers, under the flowers,
Under the flowers, dear dust of the braves.

BROKEN CONSOLATION.

THERE is a balm, be comforted :

The mists that pitying kiss

Our low-bowed heads an earnest are

The Lord withholds no bliss

That better were on us bestowed.

He rounds and domes the mounds,

And, while He chastens with His hand,

The greatest love abounds :

He loves us all, though dim may seem
That love amid our grief;
He loves us, to His sheltering wings
We creep for our relief.

These narrow mounds of buried hopes,
The graves of children dear,
Are stepping-stones that lead to Him
Through clouded days and clear.

The tears we shed from aching hearts
But sanctify our souls;
The prayer we utter in our strait
An angel upward rolls.

The sad, sad season when the sun
Weaves shrouds instead of gold,—
When the embrace of star-clad night
Is passionless and cold,—

When chanting birds forget to hush,
And flowers to check their bloom,
When life fades into death to us,
And leaves a darkened room,

Has still the glory of His smile.
He wounds that He may heal,
And through the gloaming shadow-path
His deepest love reveal.

These opening blossoms of that love
Apportioned to our hold
Are scarcely ours till gathered up
Where petals fair unfold.

Ay, gathered up ! and empty hands
We wring and supplicate,
Because we cannot still our hearts
To patience while we wait.

The walk is brief, we span the graves,
And we are almost there :
'Twere better God should take the blooms
Unto His early care.

'Twere better, though we feebly say
It in our heart of hearts,
While all so dreary seems the world
From whence our child departs.

We speak with ripening tongue of faith,
And pray the years may bring
Us closer to the Lord we love,
E'en though through suffering.

His love ineffable surrounds
Us, as the atmosphere,—
The breath of an eternal life
That lingers with us here.

Unfathomable to mortal mind
In durance, depth, and scope,
Love of all loves, the powerful stay
Of each immortal hope.

OH, NO !

A REPLY TO AN AGED SUFFERER'S REMARK, " PERHAPS THE LORD
HAS FORGOTTEN ME."

OH, no ! He has not forgotten thee ;
He never forgets His own ;
His arm in love upholds thee,
He hears thy feeblest moan.
Oh, no ! He has not forgotten thee ;
Embroidering the hem of day,
Behold the golden stitches
Set in thy soft array.

No, no, He has not forgotten thee ;
He marks well the twilight's fall,
And wraps in the buds of slumber
A fragrance of dreams for all.
Oh, no, He has not forgotten thee ;
Our memories with seasons dim,
But God is God eternal,
And we can rest in Him.

A WORM AT THE ROOT.

I SAW by the roadside a pin oak
Garlanded o'er with green,
A gloss on its leaves like the laurel
The shadow and sun between.

We drew up our steed by the pin oak,
To rest in the cooling shade
The arms of its statelier neighbor
Threw over the golden glade.

The breeze whispered soft to the pin oak
Her music and light refrain,
And the leaves in their satin raiment
Danced out in a fairy train.

"Reflection of grace is the pin oak,"
I breathe, but a nearer gaze
Discloses the green brown mottled
Leaves flecked into sombre phase.

"What is it that aileth the pin oak
And turneth its emerald brown?"

"A worm at the root," is the answer:
I muse as the words float down.

A worm at the root of the pin oak,
That painteth its every leaf.
Who e'er with the lens of distance
Had entered this sad belief!

Are mortals akin to the pin oak,
Their worm at the root dire sin?
Will the beautiful angel of judgment
Say, "Mottled one, come not in"?

We may seem as fair as the pin oak
To the careless passer-by,
But the spots on the soul God seeth
With His all-searching eye.

We have strength that hath not the pin oak
To cleanse from cankerous gnaw
Life's root, and the great worm evil
To throw where it cannot flaw.

Let us bear in image the pin oak,
And dig at the worm of sin,
Lest its blight unaware fall on us
And mottle what clear had been.

SING TO THE SEAM.

THE girl who sits in the porchway low
Sings to her needle as to and fro
It weaves the seam with its glittering glow,
Close in the garment she holds to sew.

Sing to the seam ;
Sing it your dream ;
Lodge in each stitch
Part of its gleam.

No "Song of the Shirt" sings she,—oh, no,
Her words are gleeful, happy, and low ;
While the shining needle, fast or slow,
Tosses the thread that it shorter grow.

Sing to the seam ;
Sing it your dream ;
Lodge in each stitch
Part of its gleam.

A song's good company while you sew ;
It helps the needle to onward go
And trace its work in a dainty row
O'er the downy, drifted, cambric snow.

Sing to the seam ;
Sing it your dream ;
Lodge in each stitch
Part of its gleam.

A simple song with no work below
Is lost on the empty air, you know ;
But tune and labor, together aglow,
The richest blessings of time bestow.

Sing to the seam ;
Sing it your dream ;
Lodge in each stitch
Part of its gleam.

THE SNOW VEIL.

WHERE the daises used to nestle,
God has spread a fleecy snow ;
Where the rocks were rough and jagged
Winter's crystal blossoms blow.

All the gnarled, uncouth, unseemly
Objects that obscured the way
Have grown beautiful and perfect
In their softly pure array.

Wonderful the transformation !
Everything is white, so white ;
Darkness finds no place to settle ;
Crippled are the wings of night.

Sweet must be dear Nature's slumbers
Underneath the veil of God.
Can it be she dreams of waking,
And of spring-time's pulsing sod?

Hush we all our words to whispers,
Lest she, stirring, ope her eyes,
And the veil that God has loaned her
Be caught up again by skies.

THIRTY-EIGHT.

THIRTY, thirty, thirty-eight.
How birthdays accumulate !
Thirty, thirty, thirty-eight
Lilac springs to celebrate.

Thirty, thirty, thirty-eight
Birds of passage, breaths of fate.
Thirty, thirty, thirty-eight
Kingdoms of the world's estate.

Thirty, thirty, thirty-eight
Thrones that I must abdicate.
Thirty, thirty, thirty-eight
Crowns that fall, a feather's weight.

Thirty, thirty, thirty-eight
Blossom-pictures delicate.
Thirty, thirty, thirty-eight
Steps through mazes intricate.

Thirty, thirty, thirty-eight
Steps that doubts assassinate.

Thirty, thirty, thirty-eight
Failures to commemorate.

Thirty, thirty, thirty-eight
Tangled visions to translate.
Thirty, thirty, thirty-eight
Half-wrought labors congregate.

Thirty, thirty, thirty-eight
Purposes to concentrate.
Thirty, thirty, thirty-eight
Glimmering lights illuminate.

Thirty, thirty, thirty-eight
Songs with love reverberate.
Thirty, thirty, thirty-eight
Sounds on one cord alternate.

Thirty, thirty, thirty-eight
Memories sweet to consecrate.
Thirty, thirty, thirty-eight
Years that fade and terminate.

Thirty, thirty, thirty-eight,
On the verge I hesitate.—
Thirty, thirty, thirty-eight,
Gone ! and Time has closed the gate.

IN VAIN.

I've told my heart, and I've told my pen,
To rest, be patient and still.
I've told my brain, and I've told my soul,
But they work against my will.
Full half the pictures they sketch to life
My hand refuses to frame,
Being tethered to some more needful toil ;
But they paint them all the same.

My frames unpolished, of uncouth words,
O'ershadow instead of show
The opal tints that my waking soul
Felt over the pictures glow.
The paintings unframed the fairest are ;
And so with the books unbound,
That hum their tunes to the amber air
With a sweet and siren sound.

Man fails forever to cage his dreams,
A will-o'-the-wisp they fly,
Enticing still, but eluding him,
Till lost in the distant sky.
The birds on the leafy bowers will sing
To the listening moss and fern,
And the flowers, their mute interpreters,
Will a smiling upward turn.

But all the sweet of a warbler's song
Fades into a plaintive lay
If we clasp the bird and hedge it in,
And it pines the livelong day.
The song that we fain had made our own
Is lost on the freedom air ;
The notes that we vainly sought to cage
Are vanishing everywhere.

'Tis thus with the pictures our fancy sees
Aglow with the pearly dew,
The water-falls, the leaves, and the trees,
With the sunshine sifting through ;
No more can we frame than song of birds
Our visions' slightest part,
Though the loveliest forms fair Nature made
Be mirrored on brain and heart.

It is just as well, I sometimes think,
If our hands be labor-tied,
For the picture-dreams that illumine my brain
Are brighter than all beside ;
And if they were framed, their light would fade,
Their delicate tints be lost,
Their sunlit groves that golden float
Be dark and shadow-crossed.

So, hush ! I say, to my soul and pen,
For the hundredth time again ;
My judgment urges the stern command,
But they will obey it—when ?

Not, not, I fear, till the stars come down
That the azure sky upholds ;
Not till the brown arms of the earth
The dust her own enfolds.

ONCE AGAIN.

ONCE again earth's breast is throbbing
With the quickening pulse of spring ;
Once again the wild wind's sobbing
Hushes, and the robins sing.

Once again the leaves are peeping
From their sombre hiding-place ;
Once again the flowers late-sleeping
Waken, each with smiling face.

Once again our footfalls meeting
Lies the velvet carpet green ;
Once again we pause repeating,
"Fairest pattern ever seen."

Once again the violet catches
On its lip the kiss of sky ;
Once again some blossom matches
Each rare color set on high.

Once again the breezes linger,
Cradling soft the odorous air ;
Once again writ by God's finger
Is His evidence of care.

Once again He proves immortal
All His power doth create ;
And this footstool by the portal
Seems a blessed place to wait.

BROWN AND WHITE.

FADED are the pink and purple that o'erfringed the
summer day ;

Brown and white are all the hangings with which frosty
breezes play.

Brown and white, and yet the roses bloom as fresh on
lovers' cheeks,

And my Nellie's lips of coral glow as brightly when
she speaks.

Brown and white ; yes, I remember in a winter long
ago

How we trod one bright December until lost amid the
snow ;

Blinded were we by its fleeces, for the sun was growing
pale,

And we scarce could see each other, or the bars we had
to scale.

Late the school had held that evening, for we had a
spelling-match,

And I spelled you down, my darling, on the simple
word of "thatch."

How you hurried on before me all the long and weary
way !—

When I smiled and sued forgiveness, you had not a
word to say.

But the drifts grew deeper, deeper, till I caught you at
the bars,

When I gave a puff and whistle like the steaming of
the cars ;

And your laugh, a merry tinkle, like an unbound water-
fall,

Dashed the landscape full of music, and there seemed
no snow at all.

But the flakes, or something warmer, blinded then and
there my sight,

And I saw but you, my darling, in your hood all mot-
tled white.

O'er the bars I sprang before you, and I turned to meet
your face ;

Rose of scarlet it rebuked me as I snatched a quick
embrace.

Brown and white, transformed to golden, lingers still
that winter day,

And its memory, like you, darling, turneth every month
to May.

Brown and white, you softly answer, are the lines-
within my hair,

Smiling that I think your coral ne'er by age has
bleachéd fair.

Brown and white ! The old love-blindness that fell on
me at the bars
Tarries yet, and my one vision Time in touching never
mars.

THE SILVER MILESTONE.

AFFECTIONATELY INSCRIBED TO R. B. AND E. B. LAMBORN, 5TH
MO. I, 1880.

WHILE yet in love's fresh morning the higher noon-
tide sun
Falls warm, with softening shadows, upon a milestone
won,
A silver, silver milestone of life's sweet sacred vow,
We pause with you translating its clear inscription
now.

“ True love is love forever, and years that ebb and
flow
But broaden its expansion and purify its glow.”
To-day we hush all sorrow our hearts have felt for
yours ;
(God bless the gathered blossoms He keeps where
bloom endures !)

We linger round the milestone with our affection
wreath,
And beckon richest blessings to hide the cross be-
neath.

Dear kin, and generous-hearted, the trifling meed we
bring
Is but a spring returning unto its own with spring.

The flowers of kindness scattered with free and loving
hands
Waft back their fringe of perfume to where their
prompter stands;
We fail, we cannot gather the sweets of memory fair,
Although they cluster round us and impregnate the air.

We garland you with prayers as you the milestone pass,
Your generous acts and efforts our words cannot amass.
Together, O beloved! the Master round you fold
His mantle of protection to reach the milestone gold.

THE SOLUTION.

I SEE a face in the glass,
And I wonder if it can be
The face of the merry lass
That used to laugh back at me.

I note the braids and coils
Of a silvered chestnut hue,
And I ask, Are they the spoils
Of a golden ringlet crew?

I linger pitying o'er
The lips that were scarlet flame,
And roses that come no more
On cheeks that lilies claim.

The eyes,—ah, the secret's caught !
It is gray, not azure, I trace.
The change of vision has wrought
This marvellous change of face.

The lass would laugh at her ease,
And the crinkled threads of gold
Would tangle the rose and breeze,
If blue was color to hold.

OVER THE SEA.

LAST night I was over the sea, the sea,
Over the salt blue sea.
My hair is damp with the breath of the deep,
My treasury full of trophies I keep.
Last night I was over the sea, the sea,
Over the salt blue sea.

Last night I was over the sea, the sea,
Over the salt blue sea.
The ancient, beautiful, storied, and grand
Were mine for an hour at a dream's command.
Last night I was over the sea, the sea,
Over the salt blue sea.

CONSTANCY.

NOT for one hour, not for one day,
Not for one year, love I thee ;
But for all time, and through all space,
And for all eternity.

UTE PASS.

IN her silver gown descending,
Laughs forever Fountain Run ;
Singing, shouting, leaping chasms,
Till the Pass of Ute is done.
Singing, freedom from the mountains,
Dancing on to meet the sun,
Dancing on to clothe the river
In the crystal robe she spun.

In their livery of labor,
Climbing up the cañon gray,
Go the dust-veiled teams and teamsters
All along the Leadville way.
Weary, hopeful, heavy-laden,
With their journey just begun,
And a narrow ledge to plod on,
How they wish the Ute Pass done !

Meeting, greeting teams and streamlet,
Little heed ye grandeur free,
Or that God has cleft the mountain
Just as Moses did the sea !
That He walls the Pass with glory
As you move with your supplies
Down to river, up to mankind
In a gay and labor guise.

THE BEAUTIFUL HARVEST.

Out in the field the bees are singing
Love to the clover, and fondly clinging.
Timothy blossoms and purple fringes
Sway where odor the gold air tinges ;
The wheat has grown, her hair is browning ;
Acres of oats have tinted crowning
It is the harvest,
The beautiful, bountiful harvest.

Wonder we half with disbelieving,
While earth's liberal wealth receiving,
Whether the land with full life breathing
E'er was silent beneath snow's wreathing,
Whether the days by summer lengthened
Ever were dwarfed, or cold winds strengthened.
For we have harvest,
The beautiful, bountiful harvest.

Sing on, bee, to the blush-bloom clover.
Wing away, birds, each to your lover.
Fan us, breeze, with your odorous kisses,
Toss to us blossoms no spray misses.
Rest on us, sun, your golden glory,
Till hearts within chorus the story.
 We have the harvest,
 The beautiful, bountiful harvest.

A TWILIGHT FRAGMENT.

THE daisies nodded at my feet,
Which careless crushed the pasture sweet.
I strode along but half content,
And little heeding where I went.
At last I paused ; the day had fled,
And left, as do the noble dead,
The grand reflection of its light
To halo the dim rim of night.

Tis thus, I said, with every bliss ;
I only catch its parting kiss.
They come, they go, whom I hold dear,
And leave but crimson memories here.
I lean dejected 'gainst the hedge
Which borders close the pasture's edge.
I see the brow of yonder hill,
Bound with corn's wealth of chlorophyl.

I see the tassels white and pink.
I see—but 'tis a dream, I think—
A maid who gathers ears of gold
Within an apron's snow-white fold.
I see—the dream grows real now—
Adown the corn-path comes a cow,
Sauntering before the maiden fair
Who waves a corn-bloom in the air.

“Hey! Cherry, out!” The sound is near;
My own heart beating too I hear,
As o'er the hedge I quickly spring
And Cherry to the pasture bring.
That curious cow! I wonder why
She turns on me her placid eye;
She cannot know the corn-maid's cheek
And mine grow pink whene'er we speak.

THE HAWTHORN BLOOM.

'Twas a dingy, smoky, railway-car,
But he saw not the fume
As he strode along with a lordly air
And gazed at his hawthorn bloom.

The hawthorn smiled in his button-hole,
And whispered of fingers fair
That plucked the cluster with merry grace,
And, blushing, bound it there.

“ Ah, she is as pure as a hawthorn bloom !”

He mused, as he sought a seat
(Which he found beside a market dame),

“ And the country life is sweet.”

The dust and the din were naught to him,

With the hawthorn blossom white :

The past, the present, the future, and she

Were his, and the world was bright.

THEE.

A WEALTH of words the world contains

Thrown out from the forge of thought,

Coined and hammered by workmen, brains,

But they all might go for nought

If the little one, the silvery *thee*,

Was not amid the wealth for me.

Millions of hearts the pulse of time

By its beat to being throbs ;

Life and death is its blended chime,

And its echo smiles and sobs.

Softly the echo falls on me,

Early and late, the silvery *thee*.

Rivers that rise in mountain springs

Are lost in the foaming seas ;

Still to the crested wave each sings
Of its native flowers and trees.
Were I a stream, the song for me
Would be the rippling, silvery *thee*.

The word was sweet when earth began,
And God in His mercy great
Let all its sweetness follow man
Outside of the Eden gate.
It holy memories holds for me,
The little word, the silvery *thee*.

The Son of God in transient stay
Amid the sons of men
The loving word used day by day.
It is now as sweet as when
It fell, the pure and silvery *thee*,
From His dear lips on Galilee.

Immortal word beyond the rest,
'Thou lingerer in my soul !
For aye I'll hold thee first and best.
When the portals backward roll,
Angels, I know, in calling me,
Will whisper low the silvery *thee*.

THE FEEDER OF SWAN.

THE trailing robe of Summer, looped
With autumn bur and aster,
Swept softly near the pond where stooped
White swan and unknown master.
The baby hands with verdure filled
Outstretched the swan were feeding ;
Above the breeze and wood bird trilled
A lay of faith exceeding.

We missed our darling as we gazed
Upon a strange, wild river,
And turned our hungry eyes amazed
To greet him bounty giver.
As floating snow about him grouped
The swan with beaks of amber,
Drift to meet drift, he smiled and stooped
Where water-lichens clamber.

WAITING AT THE NEST.

I STOOPED at the edge of a graceful wood
Where the mossiest nest had bird-full stood :
I parted the veil of moss that threw
Its filmy shadows of greening blue
Over the nest, and found but rest.

The brood had lifted their wings and flown
Gladly away from the nest outgrown ;
The mother-bird chirping softly there
Told me a song of her joyful care
Over the nest her wings had pressed.

“ We builded the nest, ah me, ah me !
Early and bright did spring flowers be ;
Gladness was bannered on tree and turf ;
Blossoms wind-gathered in snowy surf
Over us tossed, our nest embossed.

“ The transient billow to stillness crept,
A stillness, too, on our nest had slept,
And love's warm labor more fondly woke
As into being our life-dream broke ;
Our wings caressed the brood we blessed.

“ Rearing a brood is no idler's work,
A parent heart is never a shirk,

And day by day the widening bills
Spurred to action our feet and wills ;
The worms were brought, the flying taught.

“ Nights that were weariest seemed the best,
Songs the sweetest that hushed them to rest.
The care was laden with love’s perfume,
Affectionate labor had its resume.
Ever so small be birdlings all,

“ They pay their way with the love they bring ;
A heart expands with an outstretched wing :
Each little head has its nook for rest
Under the shelter, close to the breast,
A nook its own and its alone.

“ A shadow into our sunlight fell,
Death’s angel passed, and said, ‘ ’Tis well,
The Father needeth young birds to sing.’
She lifted two from under my wing,
Nor asked, nor told. Oh, Death is bold !

“ But sadder still was the day and dark
A birdling flew into nature’s park ;
The sprightliest one we had was she ;
She chirped her song from the highest tree,
Chirped merrily her notes of glee.

“ So slight, but she could not tread on air,
She stepped amiss, and her form lay there.
An angel lifted her up and flew
Noiselessly on through the ether blue,
And sorrow left with us bereft.

“ Followed my mate in the angel’s wake
To guide back the bird she’d stooped to take ;—
He must have stopped in heaven to rest,
For he came not back to the mossy nest,
Nor yet to sing at the call of spring.

“ Our other birdlings, oh, six are they
In scattered nests of their own to-day,
While I still cling to mine in the wood
With a restful patience half understood,
And wait my mate, though he be late.”

A SUFFERER'S IMPROMPTU.

My aches and ails could I shake
Away as dust from my feet,
Be dead to the pangs of flesh,
And to pain’s unceasing beat,

Methinks I should tread on air
And rival a care-free bird,
That my unbound voice should thrill
Forever one grateful word.

A life of ills and complaint
Is a selfish one at best :
A soul in an unsound house
Continually finds unrest.

There's sometimes a half desire
To leave the tenement worn,
And a wondering discontent
With burdens that must be borne.

Life to the stanch and strong
A glorious boon must be,
For it seems the smile of God
Full often to ailing me.

And if I were well just once
For a whole, a livelong day,
I might go wild with the joy ;
So patience, not health, I pray.

Patience, to bear all the pains,
To dwarf not the growing soul ;
Patience, to tenant the flesh
Nor murmur it is not whole.

Patience and most hopeful faith
Towards all that remains undone ;
Patience to watch and to wait
Till the sands of life are run.

'Tis only a little time,
How little we may not know,
Till the house will crumble down,
The tenant be free to go

Where the sounds are not walled in,
Where there are no pains of breath.
In peace will the soul forget
It passed the valley of death.

And the peace will be no less
The valley was dark and long :
So I only ask for power
To suffer and yet be strong.

THROUGH THE FISSURES.

THE joys of years, the snows of years,
Are piling into drifts ;
And yet how oft a breath of spring
Divides the past in rifts !

We pause, and through the fissures see
The visions long, long past ;
Ourselves as children on some knee
Where love has bound us fast.

We take the feelings, are a pet
Within the loving arms :
The gladness and protection come
Of being safe from harms.

We journey to expanding youth,
That half-developed state
Where restless upon childhood's rim
We dawning manhood wait.

A LAY OF PASSAGE.

The friends of then, the plans of then,
We hold and have them still ;
Some blossom sweetly, some are dead,
According to God's will.

But they are ours as clear as then,
Within our memory sight :
We softly through the fissures glide
And dwell with them to-night.

We fain would lay our cares aside,
Our growth and years discard,
And be again a child as then,
With loving arms to guard.

We fain, but years drift on and on
Nor ever backward turn ;
'Tis only in our heart of hearts
These lights of memory burn.

A LAY OF PASSAGE.

IN the floating purple mist,
Close to us and yet so far,
Is the beacon we have missed,
Shining, flashing like a star.

As we near it, it recedes,
Distance by the air disguised ;
When we reach the longed-for place,
Hopes are still unrealized.

Perfect comfort and content
Are not clasped by mortals here,
But we chant their threnodies
From the cradle to the bier.

Chant and half forget the joy
That within the present lies,
Asking for the thornless crowns
That belong but to the skies.

Restless and impatient, we
Deem our lot the lot of pain,
And earth-blinded cannot see
Crosses are God's scores of gain.

Let us feel no discontent,
Though our hopes should blossom slow ;
Beacons that elude us here
For the faithful heavenward glow.

MINE OWN WITH USURY.

Luke xix 23.

'Tis not enough that we receive
And hold the nucleus of power
A nursling in our quiet souls ;
'Tis not enough. There dawns an hour
When the beneficent Bestower
With usury demands His own :
When we must stand beside His gate
Returning to Him His great loan.

Each life a possibility

Contains, which care and nurturing fair
Ripens to perfect usefulness.

Within its sphere, and working there
With patience, oft some grand design

Of the All-wise Designer glows
From a talent lethargy would rust.

Soul-brightness much to action owes.
The dormant brain lies dark and dead,

Unconscious of existence true,
Its innate power all lost through lack
Of energy to dare and do.

Not evenly apportioned are

The talents. Should our share be one,
Let us enjoy while we improve

It, till uncertain time be done.

Then, when the Powerful Voice repeats,

“Give me with usury mine own,”

We can relinquish cheerfully

The required portion at His throne.

THE DEATH-BELL.

I HEAR the reverberate bell of death,

The bell that has rung since time began ;
Since Cain in anger took Abel's breath

The bell has swung in a tower o'er man.

Relentless beat, with swift repeat,

Never late, and ever complete.

This morn, I hear as the clock strikes three
A lingering chime, while the house is still ;
I hear, and I know it is God's decree
That some of my blood obey death's will.
Relentless beat, with swift repeat,
Never late, and ever complete.

The bells that ring with the music of earth
Ring glad and free for the bridal train,
Ring out for revelry, joy, and mirth ;
But the bells of death are full of pain.
Relentless beat, with swift repeat,
Never late, and ever complete.

The bells that ring to the church below
Chime out at intervals solemn, clear ;
And whether we heed, or whether we go,
Lies with our conscience, whether it hear.
Relentless beat, with swift repeat,
Never late, and ever complete.

But the bells that ring to the church on high
Ring full forever, nor cease to rest,
And the congregation in the sky
Continually gathers at their behest.
Relentless beat, with swift repeat,
Never late, and ever complete.

My mind's eye sees through the looming mist
The tower, the dome, and the bell of gold ;
And I see the doors of amethyst
At each clear chime of the bell unfold.

Relentless beat, with swift repeat,
Never late, and ever complete.

I see my beloved who sit within
The beautiful temple aglow with light,
And, seeing, forget I the world and sin—
The day eternal transforms the night.
Relentless beat, with swift repeat,
Never late, and ever complete.

The hour is three, the clock out-calls ;
The hour is three ! screams the chanticler ;
The hour is three, from the death-bell falls,
And it falls to summon my kindred dear.
Relentless beat, with swift repeat,
Never late, and ever complete.

It makes no tremor to tell me who,
No change as the sweet Moravian bell ;
But I know by the way it thrills me through
That one, a near one, obeyed the knell.
Relentless beat, with swift repeat,
Never late, and ever complete.

Death is all life in the realm above,
While life is all death as we listen low.
Lord, teach us all by thy boundless love
To bow as the bell rings to and fro.
Relentless beat, with swift repeat,
Never late, and ever complete.

INVOCATION.

THOU, God ! who art omniscient,
Thy children calm and bless !
Pour thou upon our stricken hearts
Thy balm of peacefulness !

We are grieved and sore afflicted ;
We mourn ; we cannot see
Through all these thickening damps of earth
Into futurity.

The river of death is narrow ;
A bridge the angels swung,
And beckoned our loved one over
The ransomed host among.

He crossed at a moment's warning,—
The bridge was swept away ;
We sit by the river weeping ;
Comfort us, Lord, we pray !

Our parent was fond and tender,
Steadfastly just and true ;
The earth seems nearer to heaven
When he has passed it through.

Thou who art ever a Father
Unto the fatherless !
Oh, reach thy loving arms toward us
In compassionateness !

December 17, 1875.

DISAPPOINTMENT.

WHITE from the downy mountain
The north wind sweeps and swells,
Weaving a fringe for the fountain,
Headed with funeral bells.

Closer the brown-haired grasses
Cling to the friendly breast
That shelters while north wind passes,
And hushes them down to rest.

The delicate bloom and graces
That swung on perfumed spray
Have startled, hid their faces,
And vanished quite away.

Only the overslept aster,
Shivering, pale and blue,
Lingers to share disaster
And frozen draughts of dew.

Instead of incense fragrant
Sweet in wood and wild,
Are frowning burs and vagrant
Where late the mosses smiled.

The north wind wails and trembles
A forest of broken notes ;
The leaden sky dissembles,
Or as a nun devotes

Her thoughts to rituals ancient.
The songs of love and yore
Have fallen as blossoms transient,
And gladness is no more.

The buds of young hopes blasted
Lie withered on the soul
Where fair tints once contrasted,—
And north wind claims the whole.

WEARINESS.

I AM tired, so tired, and dulled with pain,
My courage flags from endless strain.
I wonder if 'mid life's clouds and rain
The sun and blossoms will break again.

I am half dissatisfied and distressed,
Worn with anxiety, starved for rest.
I wonder if God when time seems best
Will fold my wings with His happiest.

My burden is often heavy to bear.
If duty has respite, I know not where.
I wonder if in a desert of care
There lies an oasis shady, fair.

I am tired of hand, and tired of heart;
I pity myself, and the tear-drops start.
I wonder if close to this busy mart
The angels glide and their peace impart.

Weary, discouraged, I bow my head,
Wishing my weakness were strength instead.
I wonder if yet in the blue outspread
There are ravens such as Elijah fed.

DAFFODIL.

NOR the blossoming daffodil
That sways her golden bell,
And rings the spring to fill
With summer every dell;

Not the bride-bloom daffodil
With fair camellia face,
That balms the air to trill
The sweetness of her grace ;

Just canary Daffodil,
Restless without her cage,
Employing winning skill
An entrance to engage.

Dear chirping Daffodil !
How like to human kind !
You beat the bars, and still
When freed are not resigned.

THE WILLOW.

THE willow sways to the windward
Her drooping graceful wands,
Touching the waking clover,
And the clover understands.

The willow unfurls her banners
Of green and tinted gold,
And the birds choose sites for castles
Where banners toss and fold.

The willow smiles her blossoms
 Sweetening the downy air,
And the bees, a musical army,
 Are gathering honey there.

The willow fans the grasses
 With trailing bough and wreath,
And at "hide-and-seek" with sunshine
 Are children underneath.

The willow, the weeping willow,
 Stoops low and softly sighs
O'er the mounds the living grieve for,
 Mute sympathy supplies.

The willow has many voices.
 Ah! who can comprehend
A tithe of the power mysterious
 God to a tree doth lend?

Unto me the budding willow
 Whispers with breath of spring,
"The Lord of summer and winter
 Careth for everything."

OUR HELPLESSNESS.

Nothing of ourselves we do !
Angels stoop to help us through
All the caverns dark and wide
Where the o'erwhelming ocean tide
In reaches.

And their footprints we may see
Bending towards eternity,
All along the open land
And upon the shining sand
Of beaches.

Nothing of ourselves we own !
Even life is but a loan ;
Earth will want the dust again,
God above the immortal grain
Of spirit.

Nothing of ourselves we are !
Mendicants of time afar,
Struggling 'gainst the wave of death,
Praying with a bated breath
To clear it.

THE SNOW PATH.

THERE'S a lesson for every day in life,
If we would but pause and read ;
Volumes and volumes of lore unbound,
Exponents of nature's creed.

Just here, on the crisp and ice-bound snow,
Were letters I did not know,
Till a child, a precious interpreter,
Said, "Mamma, 'tis here we go !

"Here where the great men their tracks have made,
When the snow was nice and soft ;
The footmarks are large, and hard as rock ;
In them we may cross the croft."

"But the way is crooked, my child, my child,
And the strides are all too long.
The first man trod with a careless gait,
And marked the pathway wrong.

"We will break a new one, thou and I,
With our feet across the wold ;
Follow, my little one, closely now,
My footprints over the cold."

By a straighter line we reached the point,
Turned backward the path to see ;
But the snow, all innocent of our walk,
Lay billowed most peacefully.

“ We are too light for the ice-clad snow,
So we cannot dent it through ;
Let us go back by the crooked tracks,
As the other people do.”

“ Oh, not in that way, my child, my child !
Though we leave no print or trace,
Let us still go home by the nearest way,
If the dear Lord grant us grace.”

TIME'S UNFINISHED VOLUME.

READ AT THE ANNIVERSARY OF THE NORMAL LITERARY SOCIETY,
MILLERSVILLE, PA., JANUARY 30, 1880.

BLUSHING springs dance on and onward
In the fulness of unrest,
Finding peace and comfort only
When asleep on summer's breast.

Golden summers sway their sceptres,
And the rainbows in the air
Stoop and kiss their seals of color
On the blossoms everywhere.

Shadows chase and catch the sunbeams,
Wealth is prisoned in the leaves,
While each glad succeeding summer
Binds for autumn all her sheaves.

Early autumns, glad receivers,
Open garnerers of the years,
Treasure fondly, as their whim is,
Summer's bloom for winter's shears.

Later autumns—coats of Joseph
Every one ye seem to be !
Many-colored, blood-dyed, empty,
While like Jacob grieved are we ;

For the winters follow, follow,
And the life we love seems lost,
All the verdure seared and blighted,
And the white land famine-crossed.

Cold and lonely fall the winters ;
Bird and glow-worm, fire-fly, all,
Frighted and benumbed with silence,
Wait till, Egypt-like, springs' call.

Oft we gather falling petals
From the seasons in their round,
Vaguely read with awe the compact
'Twixt the firmament and ground,—

Vaguely read, with little learning,
Gleaning scarce the alphabet,
Till with film of snow we're blinded,
Like the rose and violet.

Time, the scrivener of the ages,
Slowly writes, indelibly,
Turns immutably the pages
Of the planet's history ;

Writing with the pen of centuries
Words for ages yet to be ;
Writing slowly, ever surely,
On the earth her destiny ;

Writing, folding down the pages
Close and closer to her heart,
Sealing each leaf on the other,
That frail fingers may not part.

Deep and numerous are the pages
Of the volume vast, untold ;
We pass on, but Time, unceasing,
Writes, and seasons stoop to fold.

Curious mankind sometimes chooses
Treasures from the volume deep ;
Reaching in among the antiques,
Takes some relic Time would keep—

Takes and uses, little heeding
What of age is writ thereon,
Or the great baptismal changes
What he claims has undergone ;

Takes and uses, soon returning
Gold and coal and finer clay
To the bosom of the volume
Whence he borrowed it away.

Nothing keeping, nothing owning,
We but gaze the briefest span
On the leaf that Time is turning
In the Grand Composer's plan.

Little learning, less discerning,
When our fragile forms will stand
Quaintly pictured in the volume
That is folding on the land.

We possess naught but the present
And the moments that are past ;
All the future is a vision,
Brilliant, of uncertain cast.

In the volume we but figure
Like the small immortal blooms
That have budded, blown, and slumbered
For the decking of the tombs.

Still within us is an incense
That the volume cannot cage ;
Winged, exultant it uprises
At the touch of time and age.

Half in wonder, half in sorrow,
Mark we the swift flight of years,
Note the care-lines on our faces,
On our hearts the scars of tears.

We have known and grown and suffered ;
We have loved, been loved again ;
We have held life's cup of pleasure ;
We have tasted of its pain.

We have crossed 'mid flowers and brambles,
Caught the dew upon our feet,
Plucked the bloom and thorn together,
Found the bitter and the sweet.

We have roamed o'er plain and mountain,
Have been far in canyon deeps ;
We have poised upon the billows
That the murmuring ocean keeps.

We have been in wild abysses,
Climbed the peaks to reach the sun,
Touched the clouds, and found, descending,
Visions fade as heights are won.

We have built our Spanish castles,
Rich with columns, tall with towers ;
We have watched them sway and struggle
To withstand the stormy hours.

We have seen the flames surround them
With an eager hungry haste,
And have memory-vaults of ashes
Gathered from the whitened waste.

We have joy-swards green and tufted
Growing at each vaulted door,
That the fallen Spanish castles
Crush or blacken never more.

Twenty blushing springs have nestled
Fast asleep in summer's arms,
Twenty bright, uncertain autumns
Fled at winter's gray alarms,

Since, upon a Normal birthday,
I in Normal chapel stood,
Breathing feeble words of welcome
To the literary food.

Gazed I then on fond familiars,
Precious friends of "truth and right ;"
While the Normal home-cords bound me,
Just as you are bound to-night.

Twenty years are scarce a heart-beat
In the motion of the past,
And they seem to flee like shadows
From the sunshine they've amassed.

Scattered wide are those familiars,—
Wider that the war was here ;
For the price of Afric's freedom
Cost our country sadly dear.

Still the noble lives and loving
We can trace on earth to-day,
Give us courage, and the friendships
Never, never fade away.

Other thoughts than mine turn fondly
As they stem the laborer's tide,
To the early hopes they gathered,
From the watchword* now your pride,

All around, about, above you,
To the halo of their dreams,
And they call with me, "I love you,"
Till the distance present seems.

* " Fight for Truth and Right."

Twenty years, a myth departed,
I can scarcely own their flight,
As I see the same instructors*
Here, that then were my delight,—
See them quite unchanged, save only
Silver lines have nearer crept
To their brains, as though, else lonely,
Seeking rest where gems are kept ;
See them quite unchanged, but richer
For the knowledge they have sown,
With their eyes and lips reflecting
All the sunshine they have thrown.
Grateful blessings cling like mosses
To their sandals as they pass
Down the sessions, through the freshness
Of the fairest floral mass,
Gathering ever, while they scatter ;
For the wind-blown blossoms there
Pause a moment, touch the waters,
Then are drifted on in air ;
Stronger of the touch, yet leaving
Often waves of fragrance sweet,
Like the moss that swings and tangles
Round a lake and streamlet's feet.
Twenty years ! 'Tis well that birthdays
Stand as milestones on the way,
To remind us how the present
Gains upon the future gay.

* Dr. Edward Brooks and Prof. J. W. Westlake.

How the past recedes and leaves us
For the sunny long ago,
While it seems to linger round us
With its phosphorescent glow.

Time, the great unwearied scrivener,
Traces miracles of light
In the volume he's preparing
For the Master's oversight,

Blending gold and shade together,
Pencillings delicate and grand,
That, inviolate, each impress
Be preserved upon the land.

Wonderful, unfinished volume,
Leaves on leaves of manuscript,
Written on forever, ever,
With a pen in ages dipped !

Press some laurel green mementoes
Of the Normal and the Page*
In your ponderous book, that later
May exalted thoughts engage.

Press and keep them till, completed,
By the Master's just decree,
You are lifted to His book-shelves,
And they fall, that He may see.

* Rival literary societies.

THE UNDER-GROUND RAILROAD.

HERE, in our own America,
A railroad under ground,
Before the freedom bud had swelled,
Most active service found.

The narrow, narrow, prayer-laid track
On abolition ties,
The tunnels black, with silence arched,
And walled with sacrifice,

Were through the States to Canada.
Brave men of strength and might
Existed then, and women too,
Who ran the trains at night.

•

The motion slow and toilsome was,
The engine peril-shod.
The crew and dark-faced passengers
Together trusted God,

Their only beacon His north star,
Their acme liberty,
Their fear the coiling serpent's length
That reached persistently.

The darkness stilled, the light succeeds :
The tunnels, rent in twain
By rifts of sunshine on their walls,
Will never close again.

The slavery serpent, where it basked,
Has hushed its breath, to feel
Its hydra head and body crushed
Beneath a Nation's heel.

The under-ground has memories left,
And some that linger here
I'll pause to lift : the track's old friends
Perchance may hold them dear.

THE STATION-HOUSE.

STILL close beneath the forest trees,
And at the highway's cross,
The old house sits, its antique hat
Half hid by clinging moss.

Its empty arms akimbo rest
Upon its useless form,
For long ago the dark men passed
Whom it gave shelter warm.

The watchful care it freely gave
Is now a Nation's trust ;
And it, with mission well fulfilled,
Bows down to kiss the dust.

The seal of silence that was set
Upon its long, low brow
Has fallen off: who whispered then
May raise their voices now.

Uncounted fugitives who paused
Within the station free
All made the train-connections clear,
And passed to liberty.

The forest shadows lingering guard
The empty station-house,
And stoop as close as when within
Hearts sank at stir of mouse,—

As close as quarterly meeting days,
When gifted Friends and dear
Had their long after-dinner talks,
Love-harvests, four a year.

The leaves chant rituals of repose.
The house must understand
That sweet communion of sounds
That sanctifies the land.

THE STATION-MASTER.

AN, well-a-day! the Lord is good.
He makes some model men
For every need, that, when it fades,
We cannot see again.

They follow out His purpose sure ;
From duty never swerve,
Receiving not through us, but Him,
The meed which they deserve.

The station-master staid, erect,
Unbending will and form,
Was truth's disciple, with a heart
By tenderness made warm.

I see him now, as when a child
I played about his feet,
Go in and out, then quietly
Take his high meeting seat.

I hear his voice, as steadily
He reads each afternoon
The "Anti-Slavery Standard" wide,
"The Freeman," the "Tribune,"

And the earnest "Liberator,"
Whose pictured heading then
Was more to me than fugitives
And anti-slavery men.

I feel again the weariness
Of unschooled limb and tongue
From trying to be good and still
The older folk among.

I hear the runaways, that come
As passing clouds, full oft,
To hover round his open fire,
Exchange their whispers soft.

I look with wonder that the clouds
Gather and flee at night,
And see the panorama dark
That foreran freedom's light.

The station-master, e'er alert,
Glad welcomed every train
That held the banner liberty,
And cheered it on again.

Weary, exotic passengers
Along the under-ground
Had not upon the peril track
A fuller friendship found.

He never broke his freedom faith,
And never broke his word ;
He lived an upright, steadfast life,
And quietude preferred.

I only was his grandchild small,
But children see and hear ;
For even now I seem to breathe
The cautious atmosphere,

And, gazing warily around
From singing grove to sky,
I question if my older words
Will stillness crucify.

The wild azaleas blush and blow,
The spice-wood buds its gold,
But they and the sweet poplar lips
The secrets stoutly hold.

THE PILOT.

THE pilot stanch was Dave Countee
As turtle brown and slow,
A powerful man, whose great face shone
Out with a prescient glow.

A ponderous man, who knew the worth
Of being a self-bought slave,—
Who spent his days delivering ware,
And could look wise or grave.

Who spent his nights, whene'er it chanced,
In forwarding with care
The fugitives from Station V
To the next haven, where

The bright north star seemed closer,
The chance of capture less,
And the holy breath of freedom
Nearer with peacefulness.

He had his books, his pottery-room,
Freedom of form and mind ;
He loved the abolition cause
And his long-suffering kind.

He loved his ease, and often sat
The quiet day of rest
Amid the unburned earthenware,
Grand in his Sunday vest,

Deaf unto all around him, save
The paper wide outspread
Beneath his broad-bowed spectacles
And kerchief-shaded head ;

Or strode he back to Robinson's,
Across the slumberous wood,
To tell of perfect fruit in store
For their crushed brotherhood.

The station-master's pilot stanch
Sleeps long since on the lea,
And he, we trust, from bondage all
Is absolutely free.

The ruins gray of Robinson's hut
Recall, as they withdraw,
The half-run nineteenth century,
The Christiana flaw,—

The restless, reckless passengers
Who broke the safety code
And drove in Southern vehicles
Along the peril road.

AN INSTANCE.

THE Sabbath sun his veil of gold
Threw up to meet the day
And gladden the autumnal tints
Where orchard shadows play.

He smiled to find an antique chaise
Swept by the orchard boughs,
And at the station stable door
A horse beneath the mows.

When he had hid his week-day face
A dozen hours before,
The self-same team was farther south
A good five leagues or more.

The long low kitchen's brow he wreathed,
And kissed the rose and vine,
Until the fugitives aroused
To breathe the air divine.

Waked by the flowers and wood-birds,
Little indeed dreamed they
Their master slept at the Lion,
Not half a mile away.

Wearied with chase, it was later
When night for him was done,
And he walked with the tavern-keeper
Under the Uwchlan sun.

Haughtily flaunted his slave-whip,
Tangling the Sabbath breeze,
As he crossed our laughing threshold
Close to the station trees ;

And firmly its owner held it,
Taking the broad arm-chair
My mother, with wondering welcome,
Set for his comfort there.

“Run, children, and call your father !
He’s just stepped out,” she said.
Then apples fresh from the orchard
Before the guests she spread.

Half relish and half impatience
Flavored the fruit they ate,
Till father, with easy motion,
Came through the open gate

With leisurely courteous greeting.
He never appeared in haste,
Though he’d cleared the back door swiftly
When they the front had faced,

To signal the low-browed station
Danger was on the wing.
His soul was as fair as noonday,
With soft words blossoming.

The slave-holder told his grievance
In terms unpicked and few ;
It was not leisure or pleasure,
But recovery he’d in view.

“We’ll look around,” said my father.
“My kind and aged sire
Does sometimes shelter travellers
Who food and rest require.”

They found the chaise in the sunshine,
And horse at the stable door :
The slaves from their angry master
Were hidden evermore.

While he aloud the station stormed
With voice and footstep bold,
Denouncing Abolitionists
Unto the keeper old,

The slaves to Joshua Robinson's
Crept after Dave Countee,
And crouched beneath his kitchen floor
In listening misery.

The station searched, the slaves were gone,
And whither none there knew.
The bliss of ignorance was fresh
With prayer's protective dew.

The master tarried in pursuit—
The game he reckoned near—
Until the evening shadows striped
The sky of golden clear.

Then, saying, "I will watch the ground,"
He drove with horse and chaise,
Slave-whip, and tavern-keeper bland,
Into the gathering haze.

With reinforcements loud and strong
He came with dawning day,
To make a full, exacting search
And drive his *own* away.

He'd have redress, he had the law
And justice on his side:
'The quaint old buildings' innocence
In words he oft denied.

But they were still, and gave no sign
Of what had been within.
“On !” cried the crowd, “to Robinson’s,”
With ill-concealed chagrin.

With reckless haste to Joshua’s cot
The angry men withdrew :
They tore the loose boards from his floor,
And peered each crevice through.

The master stamped, irate, delayed,
His patience put to flight.
The four slaves crouched with trembling fear
’Neath corn-shocks in full sight.

They parted there, who met not then,
He going South, they North,
And Station V was quite content
To lose them both henceforth.

The field that joins the woodland still
Is sweet with psalms of spring,
And even when the corn-leaves crisp
I hear peace whispering.

GOLDEN-WEDDING LINES.

6th mo. 16, 1881.

Just half a century has sped
Since you, dear relatives, were wed,
Since heart in heart laid trust away
For this great golden-wedding day.

The peace of love and calm content
Have been your happy complement;
The richest store that mortals claim,
Unsullied conscience, soul, and name,
Is yours, and Heaven's own dews descend
Upon you as you near life's end.

In looking forward, fifty years
Seem a long line of hopes and fears;
While, gazing backward, doubtless they
Are but a fallen flower-spray.
Time counts by blessings and by breaks;
The heart forgets the years, and takes
To itself rewards and crosses,
Numbering but its gifts and losses.

Life is the shortest, sweetest, best,
To those whose years are happiest,
And it is grandest unto those
Whose days are full, until the close,

Of philanthropic, pure desire
To crush and trample error's fire.
God notes our each supreme endeavor,
And counts as gain our efforts ever.

Whatever good we think or do
Exists; and distant ages through
Its impress falls as mellowing lines
On fruit whose ripeness Time divines.

Life at its longest day is brief:
The most we garner a slight sheaf.
To you, dear friends, the sunset hours
Are full of pleasant thoughts and flowers.
Your children and their children come
Laden with blessings to your home,
While distant relatives resound
Echoes of love, and joys abound.

This marriage-day's bright band of gold
We trust may yet a diamond hold.
The Lord who grants these settings rare
Protect you with His fondest care!

THE WORLD'S LAW.

Is he gifted, is he famous?
Pick a flaw, pick a flaw.
Has he talents? be blasphemous;
'Tis the law, 'tis the law.

Never give full due to honor,
Pick a flaw, pick a flaw.
Have an "if" and "but" for counsellor;
'Tis the law, 'tis the law.

Be his soul as snow untinted,
Pick a flaw, pick a flaw.
And have it by slander dinted;
'Tis the law, 'tis the law.

Be the life above reproaches,
Pick a flaw, pick a flaw.
Drag it down where ill encroaches;
'Tis the law, 'tis the law.

Be the man in power beyond us,
Pick a flaw, pick a flaw.
His uprising would despond us,
'Tis the law, 'tis the law.

Pull him down, and down forever ;
Pick a flaw, pick a flaw.
Let him stand erect, no, never !
'Tis the law, 'tis the law.

All the years he is depending,
Pick a flaw, pick a flaw.
Only laud his soul ascending ;
'Tis the law, 'tis the law.

When no more it matters to him,
Rest a flaw, rest a flaw,
And pile up the honor due him ;
'Tis the law, 'tis the law.

O'er his grave fan fame to blazes ;
Rest a flaw, rest a flaw.
Heap to monument his praises ;
'Tis the law, 'tis the law.

A MEMORY BALLAD.

SHE passed a beggar on the street
Most wretched, halt, and blind ;
She gathered up her silken skirts
And left him soon behind.

Again she passed, another day ;
He asked for money, food ;
She closed her heart and closed her purse,
And scarcely understood.

And still again he crossed her way,
Or rather she crossed his :
He said, "O lady! can you tell
Where any water is?"

So proud she tossed her little head,
And answered not a word,
The beggar sighed, and thought her deaf ;
But angels knew she heard.

That night, when after opera
The carriage bore her home
To her palatial residence
In midnight glare and gloam,

She saw upon the marble steps
A haggard form and white ;
A glance,—it was the beggar, dead ;
She screamed in her affright.

"Oh, how can I get in? get in?"
She wrung her hands in vain.
"Step over me!" a voice replied,
And silence fell like pain.

"Step over me! step over me!"
She hears the echo still,
As though the form forever laid
Before her by God's will.

LIFE'S APRIL DAY.

ALL smiles and tears, and hopes and fears,
Are anchored close together ;
The mortal heart seems but a part
Of April's captious weather.

Hours come and go of joy and woe ;
Our smiles and tears are blended ;
Our wildest fears at last hope nears,
And keeps them well attended.

While dreary clouds the world enshroud,
The sunshine hovers over ;
And oft the rain, though dark with pain,
Doth some new bloom discover,—

Some blossom sweet the gold and heat
Had failed to give perfection,—
Some grace of mind relieved to find,
Though late, its true direction.

Speed smiles and tears, speed hopes and fears,
Expand our best emotions,
Dissolve all doubt, and blossom out
To Heaven our soul's devotion.

COMPASSIONATE.

THE mother died, and the father lifted
His two-year daughter up
To kiss the lips that had been to them
Affection's fullest cup.

The cup was empty, and cold its edge
As marble's snowy brim ;
The wreath of roses that bound it once
Was pale as lilies dim.

The child stooped down for her loving draught
With hungry, trustful heart,
Then wondering eyes to her father turned :
“ Mamma don't kiss her part ! ”

Strong and warm were the arms that pressed
The startled child within ;
Dire was the anguish that filled the breast
Beneath the quivering chin.

Some cup is every moment drained
By hands invisible,
Some lily for the rose exchanged
By the omniscient will.

We each grieve over an empty cup
With thirsting lip and soul.
Who loses the draught of mother-love
Loses more than the whole.

ALONE.

THE lights are out, and the darkness
Creeps over the wooded hill,
Pausing to rest in the valley,
Where I am alone and still.

It nestles closer and closer,
Filling my empty arms,
As though it would fain be gathered
Safe from its own alarms.

Lullaby, hush thee, darkness !
Close on my bosom here ;
Rest till thy wings be strengthened
For flight when day appear !

Lullaby, hush thee, darkness !
Close with me thine eyes,
For sight is blind, and stillness
Falls from the dewless skies.

Alone ! hush, hush thee, darkness !
The air grows warm with sound ;
Some sweet mysterious presence
Our refuge here has found.

DEAD DRUNK.

Lullaby, wakening darkness !
What are the stars to thee ?
Turning thou disturbest the spell
Thy presence brought to me.

Are they thy bright-eyed daughters,
Touching with smiles thy rest ?
Winning with golden glances
Thee from my longing breast ?

Lullaby ! lullaby ! lullaby !
Ah ! but thou wilt not stay :
I gathered thee in from the hill-side,
Now thou hast flown away.

'Tis thus we hush and lullaby
Forms that we may not hold :
Thus even darkness has lovers :
We are alone on the wold.

DEAD DRUNK.

I HEARD the words and a jeering laugh ;
I looked, and a youthful form
Across my pathway lay stretched and still,
Its life-pulse beating warm.

And this was a man ! I paused to think,
Ah, where was the manhood then ?
It was warped with lethargy, strangled
With rum, which numbs the souls of men.

He had a mother, a wife, a child ;
Unto him was Fortune kind ;
Rich blessings trailed about his steps
And fain had round him twined.

His heart was good, but his courage weak,
And strong drink bore him down,
Inch by inch, till it laid him low
At the feet of the busy town.

And should we pass this drunken sleep
With only a careless word,
Deaf to the groan of a chained-down soul
The living God has heard ?

Should we let the poison-cup pass round
A land that is ours in trust,
Till it blights and drags dear human-kind
Grovvelling into the dust ?

Shall we, when God in His own good time
Asks our brother at our hand ;
Reply, " I am not his keeper, Lord,
He is dead drunk on the sand " ?

THE VERNAL DAWN.

THE air is full of hopes
And presages of bloom.
The supplicating hands
Which through the winter's gloom,
The forest grim and gaunt,
Stretched, asking raiment, droop
Laden with promises.
All beauty seems to group
And strew earth's lap and brow
With wreaths of prophecy.

MIRIAM.

ALL the evenings long and chilly,
Where the fire-light crept so stilly,
Miriam's waxen fingers knitted,
And the poor were benefited.
Click, click, click, the needles said,
Bright warm yarn their motion fed.
Miriam fair,
Everywhere
Poor need care !

Knitting, knitting, silent measure,
Miriam with demure pleasure
Watched the mittens shapely growing,
Thoughts benevolent bestowing.
Click, click, click, the needles said,
While she bent her graceful head.

Miriam fair,
Everywhere
Poor need care.

Poverty my life encumbered
While the maid her stitches numbered.
Poverty my heart was aching,
Restless, and to weird fears waking.
Click, click, click, the needles said,
Fast, yet slow, the winter sped.

Miriam fair,
Everywhere
Poor need care.

Earth hath donned her robes of splendor,
Snows to bloom make glad surrender.
Miriam's mittens all are finished
And my dread of them diminished.
Click, click, click, the needles said,
Now she softly speaks, instead.

Miriam's care
Everywhere
I now share.

IN THE WOOD.

NATURE, I partake your mood,
Dream amid the solitude
Of the white-capped summer wood.

Take me in your lap awhile,
Mother Nature, and beguile
All my burdens to a smile.

Fan the tresses from my face ;
Rest me in your soft embrace,
Creature I of unknown space.

Sing me for the sultry day
Your most winsome virelay,
Olden, sweet, and care estray.

Respite give, and perfect ease,
Till I feel, alike these trees,
Only God is mine to please.

Let me dream the builder's dream,—
Grow my castles by the stream,
Amethyst from sill to beam.

Reach their spires to purple skies ;
Let those foam-clad clouds disguise
Stairways by which angels rise.

Foot-sore am I, early worn,
Closely of all blessings shorn,
Bearing ills that must be borne.

Weary am I of the way,
Yet with perfect faith I pray,
Mother Nature, lest I stray.

Lead me by your teachings grand,
Counsel that I understand,
How to reach the Lord's right hand.

Can I climb my stair of dreams
Up to where the amber gleams
And the love of Christ redeems ?

Rock me, Nature, let me be
Resting with you peacefully,
Yearning babe upon your knee.

I have failed to stand alone ;
Let humility atone
For the pride I may have shown.

Lullabies are tender sweet,
Mother Nature, you repeat,
And my pulses slower beat,—

Slower, till I think I hear,
Echoing through the wood and weir,
Choruses of angel cheer.

How they rest me !—let me rise !
Earth is near, so near the skies,
And my pathway clearer lies.

THE COLOR OF FIRE.

BESIDE the grate two bachelors
Sat, toasting gouty toes.
They groaned and laughed in concert notes,
Till this dispute arose :
“The flame laps with her yellow tongue
The air. How soft it grows !”
Said Number One. “I feel relieved
To have it kiss my toes.”

“Humph ! Yellow tongue ! Poetical,
For gouty man, you seem.
The fire is red, dear Michael, red :
You have a color dream.”
“Oh, fudge and fume !” quoth Number One ;
“You’re wrong in the extreme.
Why, all the yellow saffron dyes
Among these heaped coals gleam.

“The lady fire snaps yellow eyes
And tosses yellow hair,
Her breath is golden, and her smile
Is yellow : so beware !”

“Ha ! ha ! Michael, your color dream
Doth your good sight impair ;
The widow binds with yellow braids
Your fancy in a snare,

“And yellow, yellow everything
Looks to your gilded eyes.
There ! there ! you need not open them
In such well-feigned surprise.”

“Fudge ! folly ! Peter, how you talk,
And all truth stigmatize !
You call the widow yellow,—humph !
I’d land you in the skies,

“But for this gouty, gouty foot.
Oh, dear, what shall I do
To prove the measure of contempt
I entertain for you ?”

“Hold easy, easy, Michael, man,
Nor take distorted view :
I saw your foot move half an inch
To put that sentence through.

“The fire is red,—of course it is !
The widow’s locks—why, they
Were yellow ; but, my dear old friend,
They will be—now are—gray.”

Poor Number One ! his passion-height
The limbs could not obey :
What should be understandings were
But helpless pets of clay.

He groaned, " I do not care a whit
For color of the fire ;
But when you drag the widow in
I recompense require.

My arms are stronger than your words,
And you their strength inspire."

Thwack ! " How you writhe ! Ay, gout is sore,
And should not waken ire."

NIAGARA.

PUREST, wildest, greenest river,
Flashing onward to deliver
Silver wealth from lake to lake,
Leaping with impatient motion,—
Do you dream the mother ocean
Wants you, or her heart will break ?
Restless, dashing,
Sunbeam-splashing,
Nation's pet, Niagara.

Wild your waters toss and tumble ;
Over crags you laugh and stumble
Miles and miles above the Fall,

While your arms encircling gather
 Lovely islands, choosing rather
 Hasty kiss than none at all.
 Gleeful, dashing,
 Splashing, flashing,
 Nation's pride, Niagara.

Rushing, flushing, roaring, singing,
 Then adown the abyss swinging,
 Glory, fulness, mist and shine.
 Witching, wilful, wondrous river,
 Toast of Nature to the Giver
 Of sublimity divine.
 Dashing, pouring,
 Tumbling, roaring,
 Nation's grand Niagara.

Laden with the dew of gladness,
 Quickened breath of gleeful madness,
 To the peaceful boundary air ;
 Then more quietly you rumble,
 As you catch your breath and mumble
 Rippling snatch of thanks and prayer.
 Leaping, dancing,
 Tossing, prancing,
 Nation's pet, Niagara.

Skiping, slipping, gliding, sliding,
 To the rocky heights dividing
 Like a canyon shore and shore ;

Here your wildest laughter spending,
Whirlpool Rapids, bending, blending
Spray and music evermore.

Tossing, foaming,
Playful, roaming,
Nation's pet, Niagara.

Fluttering, rushing, singing, roaring,
Chlorophyl and silver pouring

Down the wayward, rugged steep,
Liberated grandeur dancing,
And for evermore advancing
To the silence of the deep.

Unique, glorious,
Sprite victorious,
Nation's pride, Niagara.

A CHANGELESS PICTURE.

EIGHTEEN times the satin chestnuts
From their velvet coaches sprung ;
Eighteen times the red October
Hid them her bright folds among ;
Eighteen times,—and yet the picture
Bright on memory's wall has hung.

It was painted in gay school days
On the canvas of my heart ;
And the faces best beloved
On the foreground sit apart.
All the freshness of the coloring
Is preserved with unique art.

Eighteen times the snows have blossomed
Since my picture perfect grew ;
Eighteen times, and some stray petals
May have fallen, friends, on you ;
But you're changeless in my picture,
And the old school vows are true.

Some of you, I hear, are famous :
Take my blessing as you go.
Some have early lain to slumber,
For the good Lord willed it so ;
Some are plying oars unceasing,
Some with currents drifting slow ;

Still you're mine within the picture,—
Faces dear and faces fair ;
Halos of eternal freshness
Gathered are about you there.
Power of living, loving, dying,
Keep the souls within thy care !

PERIWINKLE.

NESTLING matted leaves among, Periwinkle,
Making beautiful the ground, Periwinkle,
How thy glossy leaves are found, Periwinkle,
Shining in the lawn and wild, Periwinkle.

Creeping, an enchanted vine, Periwinkle,
In thy unaffected pride, Periwinkle,
Gaining lovers far and wide, Periwinkle,
For thy fairy groups of bloom, Periwinkle.

Nestle, creep, and never climb, Periwinkle,
Fond companion of the moss, Periwinkle,
As we pass our skirts emboss, Periwinkle,
With humility's content, Periwinkle.

THE DONKEY'S PLAYMATES.

Up and down a Denver street,
With solemn pace and slow,
The children rode a donkey gray,
Only a month ago.

They rode by turns. The troop who walked
Shared all the rider's glee.

The donkey they thought the dearest thing
That ever a donk' could be.

They petted, caressed him, kissed his face,
And honored his least desire ;
Until he paused and tossed them off
As signal to retire.

The donkey rests, the children rest,
For night comes on alway.
The breath of evening scattered those
Who had the happy day.

Our dreamers on Atlantic coast
Toss in their sleep and smile,
And whisper, "Donkey, donkey dear,
Let Georgie ride awhile."

Ah, day, return ! Ah, future, hush
The motion of thy wings !
Two Denver playmates, Georgies both,
Have gone from earthly things.

THE CHOPPING-BLOCK.

“JUST move the block this morning, dear ;
’Twill more convenient be
To have it here beside the gate,
Beneath the apple-tree.

“I tire of carrying wood so far,
There from the distant end ;
Full half the steps we take ’twould save
If moved, you may depend !”

No move or answer gained the wife
To this her free advice ;
The thudding chop went on the same,
As though she spoke not twice.

“Say, don’t you think, my dear, ’twould be
Better to cut wood here
Than there, a half a mile away ?—
What makes you be so queer ?”

The axe rose higher, heavier fell,
The frown crept lower down ;
“The block’s best here !” he grunted out ;
“Your voice would storm a town.”

“I’d storm not what I could not take,”

She inwardly resolved.

“If I spoke quick, I still was right,

And that my haste absolved.

“But I forgot, most sad for me,

The lesson early learned,

That only by a honeyed wand

Can stubborn men be turned.”

Then to the house the strategist

Came, and a winsome lay

Fell from her lips, dashed through the air,

And brushed his frown away.

With careful skill she rolled the dough,

And turned it into pies,

Crimped near the edge, to keep within

The fruit that gratifies.

“How many pies, my dearest dear,

Had I best make this morn?

And would you like some custards, love,

While working in the corn?”

A voice more sweet could scarcely be

Than spoke these inquiries;

Almost as sweet the one replied,

“Make, dear, just what you please.”

“Oh, no, I have no will at all,

But that which is your own;

You know, my dear, I live for you,

And simply you, alone.”

A kiss somehow lodged on the breeze ;
The chopping-block moved place ;
The little wife resumed her toil,
And brighter was her face.

And brighter too the face of him,
Who, later, 'mid the corn,
With harrow turns out noisome weeds
Before they seed have borne.

“Man is the power within, without,”
He muses as he walks ;
“The rightful head of house and farm,
Naught his dominion balks.”

There's blessed bliss in ignorance,
Controlling or controlled ;
For he who thinks he ruleth most
Is oftenest cajoled.

A honeyed wand is ever best
For driving whom you will :
The head of house is driven not,
Indeed, I know,—but still—

THANKSGIVING.

SUMMER has fled, her flowers are dead,
The winter waits at autumn's gates,
With snowy pall to shroud them all.

Brief are the days of November haze ;
The sun sleeps long, for there's no bird-song
His rest to break with its sweet "awake !"

Brown is the grass that we crush and pass,
Brown are the leaves that drop from the eaves
Of gold-roofed trees at touch of the breeze.

Where frost stepped down there are footprints brown
That the sun and rain will wash in vain,—
But the spring will come with its joyful hum,

The smile of God will bright the sod,
The frost and snow into beauty blow.
Blesséd are we that we should see

Such marvels here from year to year.
Thrice blessed we'd be, could we perfectly
Read what is writ as the seasons flit,

And mark the days with grateful praise.
Thanksgiving then in the hearts of men
Would endless be as eternity.

THE HARVEST KISS.

THE kiss you gave me last year
On the load of hay,
I never shall forget, dear,
Till my dying day.

The fields were bare, you know, then,
That load was the last.

The sunset sky it blushed when
Pageant day had passed.

The harvesters rejoiced, dear,
In their labor done.
I scarcely heard their loud cheer :
I my love had won.

Far up amid the twilight,
Where the stars awake,
I clasped you as a tryst-right,
My first kiss to take.

And now I come again, dear,
When the harvest's o'er.
The kiss you gave me last year
Waits, my love, for more.

THE AMERICAN TOURIST'S LESSON.

THE prairie's crossed ; the West is East ;
The old Atlantic band
Of Puritans have spread their wings
And covered all the land.

The silent places wake with song :
The plains and mountains wide
Are dotted o'er with pleasant nests,
Where builders, twitterers, hide.

The eagle on Glen Eyrie's wall
Has bound her castle high,
While man, with emulation grand,
Has planted his close by.

The tents, like fallen feathers, bright
The Rocky Mountain Parks.
The tourists nestle, roam, and glide
About the canyon darks.

The West a faded myth becomes,
A vision of the past.
There only is the East, the East,
We've learned by rote at last.

In cabin, tent, on mount and plain,
Where birds of passage meet,
There ever is the same refrain
With cordial smile replete :

"The East, the East ! we're from the East !"
They chant it every one,
Until we marvel that like clouds
Men chase the setting sun.

One day, when, weary, sore of flight
Adown the Pike's Peak trail,
We paused for shelter in a cot,
Rude, comfortless, and frail,

A woman weather-beaten, kind,
Warned us with fire and smile.
"I'm from away down East," she said,
"And only stop awhile."

Our homesick hearts with quickened bound
Inquired her native State ;
She said, " Missouri," and she sobbed,
" The distance is so great !"

With melting pity we recalled
A group we earlier met,
Who told us to the " distant East"
Their thoughts kept turning yet.

Their sighed-for East was Kansas fair.
In Utah, just beyond,
The Rocky Mountains were the East ;
So we the lesson conned :

The prairies, plains, and mountains crossed,
We touch Pacific shore,
But we have crossed the East, the East ;
The West goes on before.

LOST MUSIC.

CLATTERING, clattering,
Falls the wheat pattering
Into the hoppers old.
Then up it goes jolting,
Down it comes bolting,
And the warm flour is sold.

Clattering, clattering,
Grinding and pattering,
 Notes that are lost on me.
The mill keeps repeating
Its musical greeting,
 The water-wheel dances free.

Only the clattering
Seems a mock chattering
 Of the sweet tinkling past,
And e'en the corn breaking
With heavy bass quaking,
 Falls on me dumb at last.

Clattering, clattering,
Tinkling and pattering.
 Oh for the early days
When we milled together,
And I wondered whether
 Fairest was wheat or maize !

THE STRAWBERRY TRYST.

THE field was broad, and the strawberries sweet,
That hung where wind and sunshine meet.
They parted the grass with fingers fair,
And gathered the strawberries red with care :
They parted the grass, and their fingers grew
Scarlet with strawberry blood or dew.

With well-filled baskets from parted grass,
They sit to rest where the shadows pass.
The oak and the elm tree tinge the air,
The lark and the oriole's notes are there.
The boscase bows to the dream of bees
And listens to catch their melodies.

The boscase bows, and the strawberry maid,
Lulled by the musical breath of shade,
Forgets the thorn in her finger-tip,
The badge of her strawberry workmanship,
Till all at once, with a wave of pain,
The brier its presence betrays again.

The strawberry youth is tender and strong,
He plucks from her hand the wee brier throng,
Into his own flesh pressing it deep :
"A strawberry souvenir," he sighs, "to keep."
Sorrowful eyes, melodious shade,
Love for love breathes the strawberry maid.

THE EMPTY SWING.

FORWARD and back, forward and back,
Under the apple-tree,
May wind pushes an empty seat
With careless hand and free.

The blushing bloom, the blossom snow,
Is drifting round the swing ;
The children fair, whose place is there,
Are low with suffering.

A dire disease encompassed them ;
They struggle it to pass,
That little feet may swing again
Above the orchard grass.

Mockery seems the floral day,
With all her choral train ;
Mockery seems the golden breeze
That leaves them only pain.

The empty, empty, empty swing,
That tosses to and fro,
The cruellest mockery seems of all
Amid the blossom snow.

We tearful from the May world turn
To cool each fevered brow,
And pray with fervency of heart
To hope, to bear, to bow.

IN THE MEADOW.

BUTTERCUPS nod in the meadow
Mid bloom of fairer hue,
The grass in green, green fringes
Is headed with violets blue.

The sparkling stream in the meadow
Dances a gladsome tune,
And the birds in the water willow
Chirp to the frogs of June.

Two little boys, human blossoms,
Sit by the rippling stream,
With fishing-rods over the water,
Hooks where no fish may dream.

One bobbin a-quiver goes under,
Quick hands toss up the rod,
And a glittering sun-fish panting
Lies where buttercups nod.

Another rod's up; a sly nibble
Left but the naked hook;
A new worm's life must be taken
To cover the ugly crook.

"I think," utters six-year, while baiting,
"That worms don't have much fun.
It's queer why God, when He made them,
Gave them no feet to run."

"It's no more fun to be fish than worm,"
Remarks the active eight,
"And how, Vickers, would we get the fish
If we had no worms for bait?"

"I don't know,—but it seems to me
A pity to hurt such things;
They are so nice, and they don't complain,
None of 'em bites or stings."

The fishing-tackle fell on the grass ;
Vickers, with thoughtful air,
His chin on his palm, said musingly,
“ I wonder if God will care ? ”

I wonder, my little philosopher.
Ah ! older heads than thine
Have rested 'mid beauty, and questioned
If they wrought God's design.

AUTUMN COLOR.

Out in the browning grass-field,
Under the chestnut-tree,
The wind throws satin wonders
Down to the children three.

He whistles and sings, the north wind,
His notes are gay and free.
He must be thinking of Christmas,
Up in the chestnut-tree.

Three “ Red Riding-Hood ” children
Catch the tune, you see ;
If not—they catch the chestnuts
Under the grand old tree.

Brown little hands close grasp them,
 Voices are full of glee ;
 Pockets no longer slender
 Shine through the dresses three.

Light fairies crowned with scarlet,
 The maidens,—oh, dear me !
 They turn their faces toward me
 And laugh out merrily.

Brown, brown, brown are the faces,
 Bright as the nuts I see.
 Dame Nature brands the races,
 Marking them carefully.

Brown is the autumn color.
 Dark little children three,
 Ye are Ethiop fairies
 Under the chestnut-tree.

THE RAIN OF SEPARATION AND THE BOW.

'Twas the high noon of the year,
 A glorious summer twilight,
 When we parted,
 But the purple air seemed drear ;
 We were blind to all the cheer,
 Broken-hearted.

Our life-paths must divide,
That our separate tasks be done,
Or endeavored.
Trees that spring up side by side
Are transplanted far and wide,
Families severed.

Every tree, that it expand,
Must have sun, and time, and space,
To perfect in.
Every life alone must stand,
That its strength attain command
To effect in.

All the love that e'er has been,
All the tender yearning care
Souls can measure,
Cannot save our dearest kin
From the troublous waves, or win
For them pleasure.

Prayerful, patient faith provides
All the safeguard we possess
For each other.
Individual act decides
Whether we can stem the tides,
Not our brother.

New delight dissolves our tears,
And caresses them to smiles,
Gloom is blighted.

We may meet—the misty years
Are transfigured ; clouds and fears
Rainbow-lighted.

A MID-DAY BATTLE NOTE.

THE days are hot, and the days are cold,
But the battle for life goes on.
We press to the front, with scars untold,
And the victory barely won.

We press to the front and hold our own,
By effort and God's sweet grace,
While the sun and shadow have softly thrown
Age lines into beauty's place.

The poet may sing, the yeoman plough,
The philosopher rub his stone,
We are warm with sympathy, yet somehow
We must fight our battle alone.

For life is double within, without,
With scars and with blossoms fair,
And we are alone, though compassed about
With a wealth of love and care.

Each cry for strength and each prayer of thanks
Must peal from our inmost soul,
If it reach the Lord of the battle ranks
As the tides of action roll.

There is no rest, and no grand discharge,
But we fall out one by one,
Receiving our pensions, small or large,
According to service done.

EXULTATION.

A CHESTER HEIGHTS HYMN.*

I AM saved ! the Lord hath saved me !
Help me shout the glorious news !
I have tasted God's salvation,
And 'tis sweet as honeyed dew.

Loud I sing my exultation,
Hoping it will reach the skies.
Keep, dear Lord, my soul forever
Under Thy protecting eyes !

When at last my days are gathered
Into Thy great judgment one,
May I find my name deep written
In the records of the Son.

* Set to music by Prof. Sweney.

Bless the Lord, that His salvation
Came to us through Christ's pure love ;
Bless Him that He Jesus loaned us
From His Golden Courts above.

Free salvation ! glad salvation !
Let us shout from pole to pole,
Until each diseaséd nation
Feels that God hath made it whole.

THE SUNSHINE.

I WAS slumbering in the meadow,
At the streamlet's pearly feet,
Where the trailing willow shadow
Kissed the breeze and made it sweet ;
And the sunshine yellow,
With his breath so mellow,
Touched me there.
Close beside me kneeled he ;
God's great love revealed he,
And His care.

I was clambering up the mountain,
And the way was rugged, steep,
While the sky's outpouring fountain
Lashed and groaned to reach the deep ;

But the sunshine yellow,
With his breath so mellow,
 Touched me there.
Close beside me kneeled he ;
God's great love revealed he,
 And His care.

I was over, through, and under
 Valley, ocean, hill, and plain ;
I was bowed with grief and wonder—
 But the brightness came again ;
 For the sunshine yellow,
 With his breath so mellow,
 Touched me there.
Close beside me kneeled he ;
God's great love revealed he
 Everywhere.

THE NEW-YEAR'S RIDE.

THE sun rose bright that New-Year's day,
And Uncle Goodwin's family sleigh
Was at the gate. The robes and bricks
Made comfort for the load of six.

Now, Harry, uncle's oldest son,
A pony had that liked to run :
This pony Harry wished to ride
And keep his father's team beside.

The snow was smooth, the horses gay,
The bright load dashed along its way.
Harry, upon his pony black,
Kept close within the sleigh's crisp track,

Over the prairie broad and clear,
Until Madge exclaimed, "We're here!"
And loving Grandpa, at the gate,
Called, "Happy New Year! Children, wait."

Out he lifted them one and all,—
Jack, May, and Madge, and baby small,
While Aunt and Uncle laughed to see
Dear Grandpa hugged so merrily.

"Ho, Harry boy, a pony! why,
The coal-black racer takes my eye!
Get off, my son! You're quite a man."
To see his pony then Grandma ran.

And such a time they had that day,
The gifts, the dinner, the jolly play;
I can't tell half, but you folks know
Who to your grandpa's New-Years' go.

Just as turkey was served to all,
New flakes of snow began to fall:
"The good old lady in the sky
Is picking geese, the feathers fly,"

Said Uncle Goodwin. "I declare,
To-morrow must be New Year's there,"
Laughed Madge, "and goose their feast:
I'd rather be down here at least."

These good days cannot always last,
And this one's close came all too fast.
At four o'clock the family sleigh
Was packed again, and sped away.

"Harry," said Uncle, "mount, and keep
Close, for the snow is growing deep."
"Yes," called Harry, "I'll do quite well.
Good-by, Grandpa, Grandma, and Bell."

He tied his scarf in a jaunty bow,
Touched his hat, and said, "Coaly, go!"
Across the plain so soft and white
He rode, and soon was out of sight.

The flakes fell fast, the fierce wind blew;
Coaly plodded the white depth through
Slowly, for now the track was lost,
And only drifts the prairie crossed.

The jingling bells were far away,
And Harry was lost that New-Year's day.
On, on he went till night was near,
Cold and tired, and filled with fear.

What do you think he saw at last,
When hope and strength were failing fast?
Lit by a gleam in the winter sky,
Far ahead he could descry

Grandpa's house with its snowy dome.
"I wonder," thought Harry, "if this is home."
The knowing pony increased his pace,
And found the end of his circling race.

Such a ride was the New-Year's ride.
Harry was soon at Grandpa's side,
Declaring, as he does to this day,
"I cannot see how we lost the way."

A NATIONAL DIRGE.

James A. Garfield, twentieth President of the United States, died
from the effect of an assassin's bullet, September 19, 1881.

HE is dead ; the nation weeps,
He is dead, dead, dead.
Worn with pain, at last he sleeps ;
He is dead, dead, dead.

Faithful hands may still their care,
He is dead, dead, dead.
Mourning hearts are everywhere,
He is dead, dead, dead.

Snapped our cord of hopes and fears,
He is dead, dead, dead.
Tears and crape, and crape and tears ;
He is dead, dead, dead.

Sobbing break the prayers half said,—
He is dead, dead, dead.
Freely we had died instead.
He is dead, dead, dead.

He, our loved, our pure, our lost,
He is dead, dead, dead.
The green land is shadow-crossed,
He is dead, dead, dead.

Heavy night winds toss and sigh
He is dead, dead, dead.
Mercy's angel passed us by,
He is dead, dead, dead.

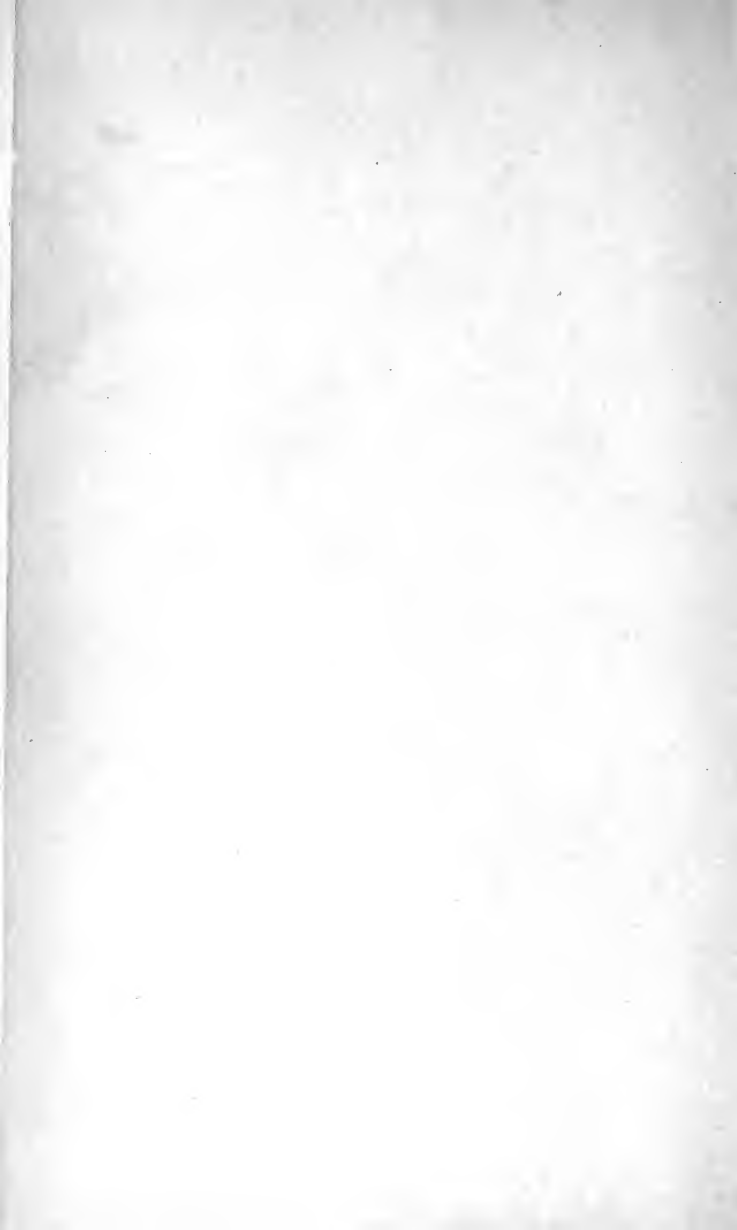
Life too grand for mortal hold ;
He is dead, dead, dead.
Gathered to a Safer Fold,
While we wail him dead, dead.

September 21, 1881.

THE END.

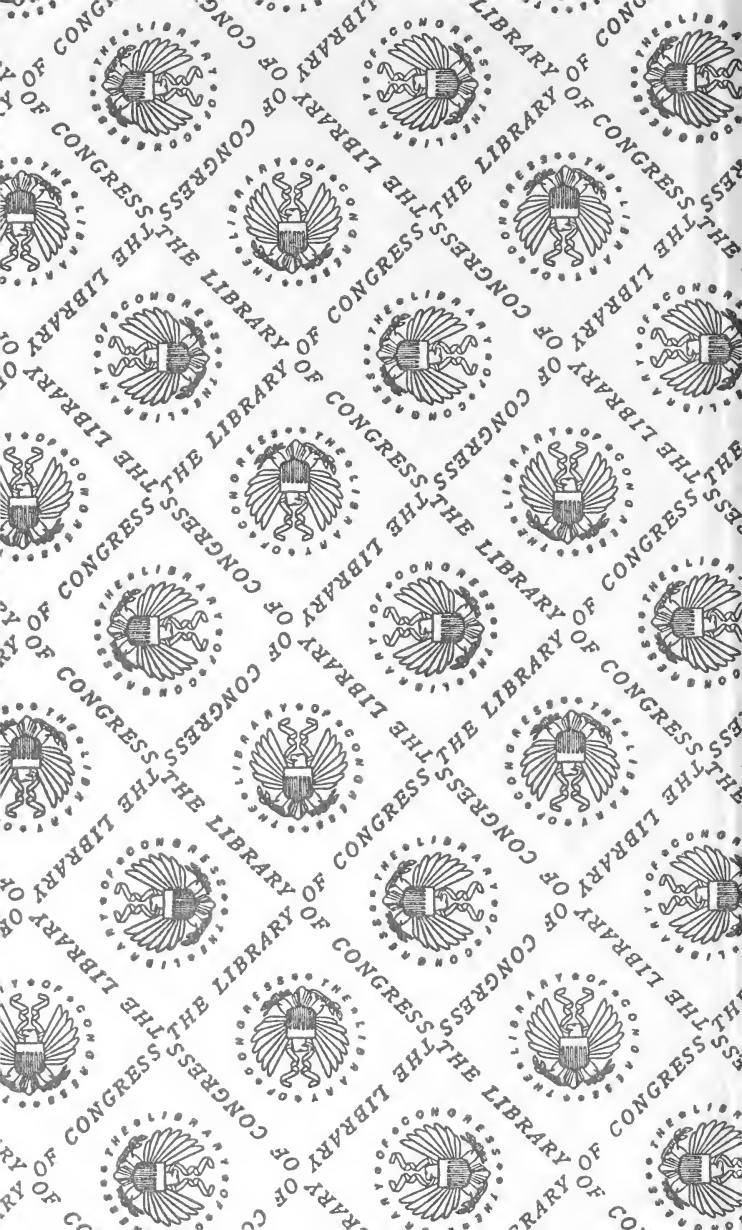
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